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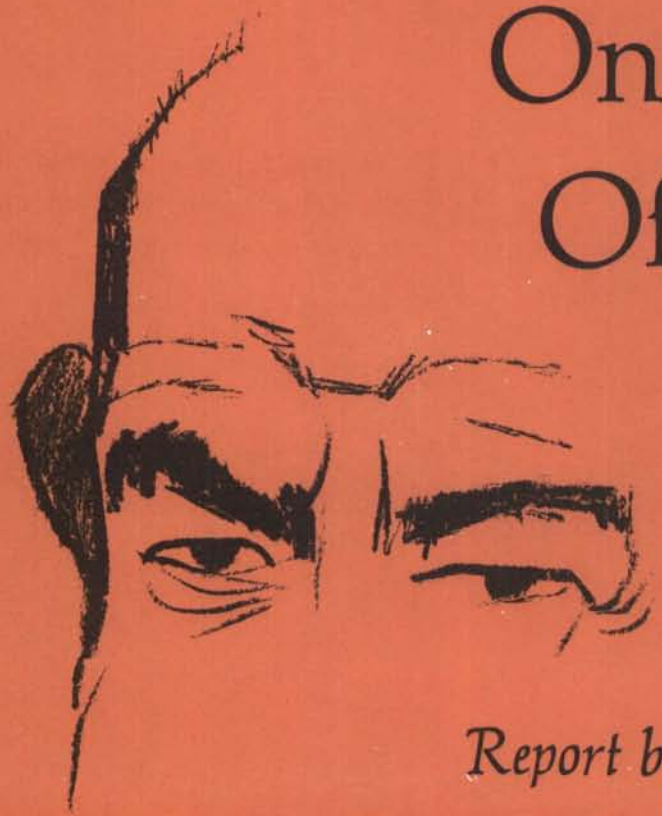

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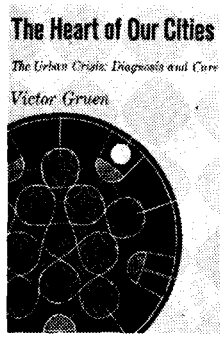

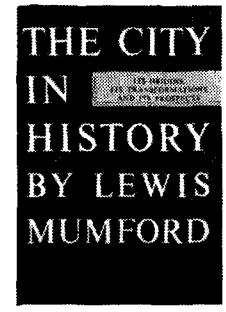

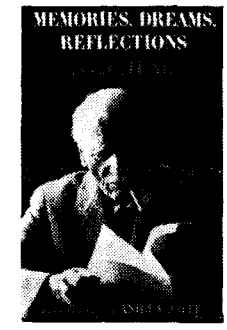

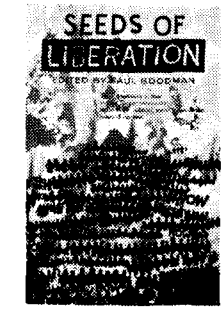

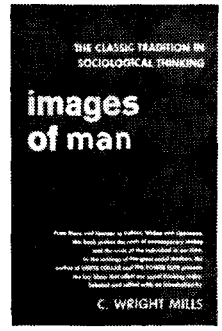

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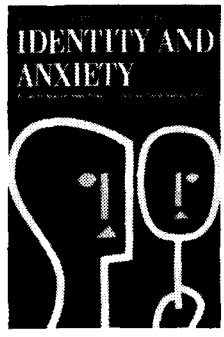

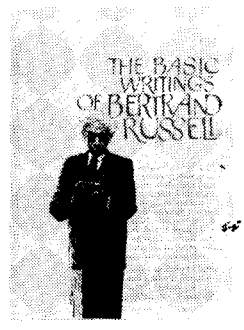

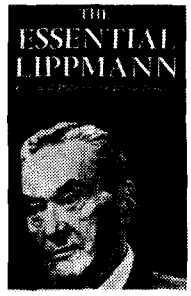

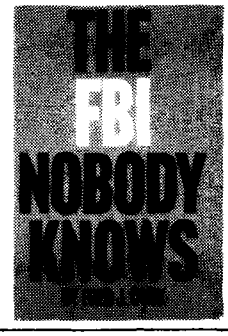

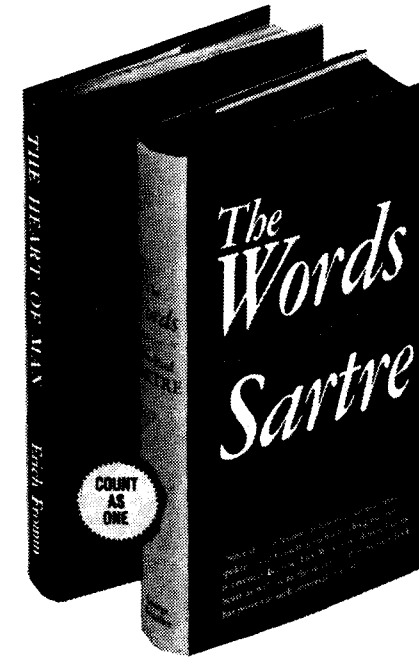

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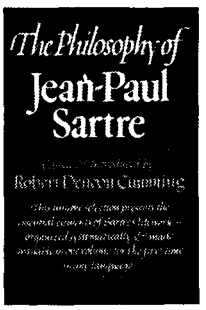

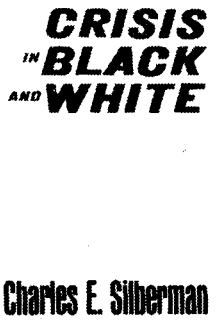

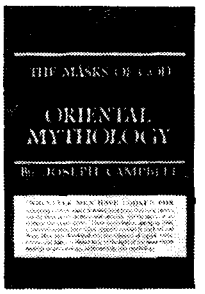

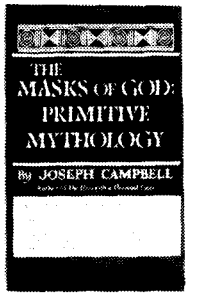

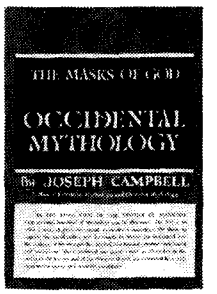

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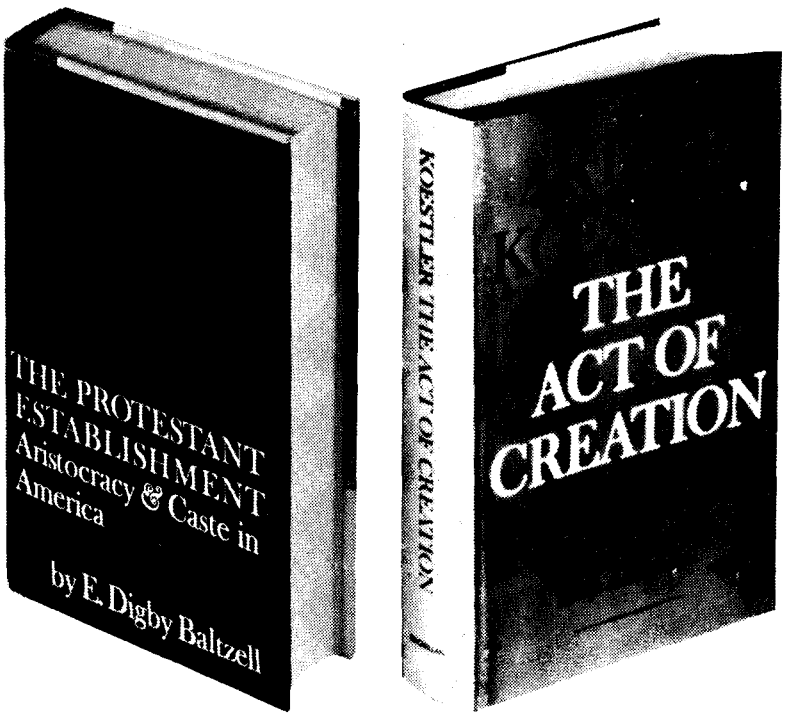

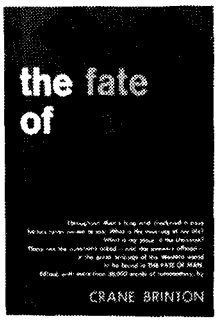

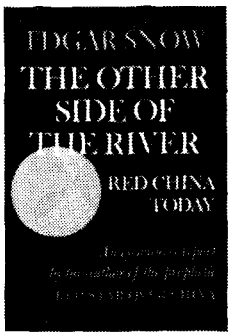

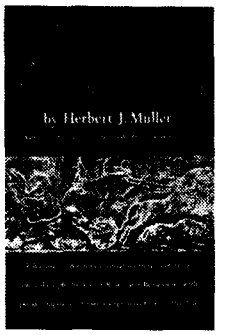

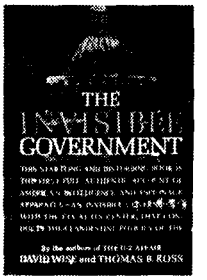

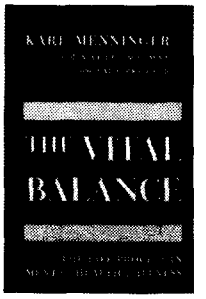

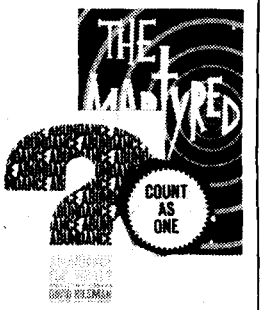

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Cities in Straitjackets

★ In five or 10 years (we think) a sensational book will come out. It will be called something like *Captive Cities*. It will be written with passion and eloquence because it exposes a national disgrace. Like every book that is a real earth-shaker it will be effective because it will say things that people already know; things they know, but haven't thought about.

In brief, this book will say that malapportionment is worse in American cities than in the states. The Supreme Court waited half a century and then slammed into state rotten boroughs, with its one-man, one-vote decision. But who will rescue our cities I don't know. The cities are frozen. The middle class are moving out, the Negro and immigrant in, and the tax collector stops at the boundary. The straitjacketed cities supply hospitals, police, fire service, transportation and office space, and the suburbs enjoy but don't pay for them. On the affluent side of the boundary line the middle class enjoy grass, split-levels, clubs and swimming pools and look across in holy horror at the poor devils stuck in the cities, paying, or the victims of, high city taxes.

What causes these reflections? Because handsome young Rep. Lindsay has just been elected mayor of New York. The AP story said the victory "makes him a major contender for the GOP Presidential nomination." Our prediction is that the earnest, serious, conventional Mr. Lindsay won't get off the ground. We sympathize with him; we wish him well. But in many ways New York City is ungovernable.

Everybody knows how urban areas have grown. It is the great migration of our time. It includes 70 percent of us. But the *big cities* have been getting smaller. Yes, it's a fact. Seven of the 10 largest US cities lost population between 1950 and 1960, including NY. The Census says so. There's a catch, of course. The *metropolitan* areas have exploded, but the frozen central city lost people – people, and industry and taxable wealth, and livability. These oozed out into the happy suburbs. The center city is what Mayor Lindsay has to try to reform when, by the rules of the game, the part of the area that would average things up is out of his reach.

These restrictive boundaries, we are persuaded, can't last. They represent unfair privileged sanctuaries. Did you realize that some American cities have other cities inside them? Long Beach, California, with a population of 350,000 surrounds the municipal enclave of Signal Hill, a debtless community with 1,000 tax-paying oil wells, that looks out complacently on the territory around it. It is a new version of the Bible story: Jonah has the comfortable couch and the whale has the bellyache. No other nation hates its own cities. Only in the United States of America are suburbs afraid of their parents.

City boundaries are archaic. Toronto and Winnipeg have set up modern "Metro's," to incorporate the whole area. Philadelphia attained its present size in 1854; San Francisco 1856; St. Louis, 1876; NYC 1898; and so on. Central cities are little more than enlarged downtowns for bedroom suburbs. But ethnically they are in churning transition. It is like a whirlwind, blowing out middle-class whites at one side and sucking in low-income immigrants and Negroes at the other.

Fleeing City Hall

★ Look down at the modern city from a jet plane. There is a new modern beltway around it. It is lined with homes and new factories. They have all fled City Hall. Look back at the central city. That is the place where, as in Mayor Lindsay's New York, 60 tons of soot fall on each square mile each month.

The refugees find cleaner air, better schools and often, paradoxically, better rents for the money. The middle class leave their hygienic suburbs in the morning; work in the center city by day; and wash their hands of both civic soot and civic duty at night. Affluence and responsibility are divorced. Take a look at the quaint system now, friends. We don't know how it will happen, but we are persuaded it won't last, partly because it is uneconomic and more particularly because it violates the Americans' sense of fair play. But they have first got to understand it.

Something to Rejoice Over

★ As to the election last week we think, on the whole, the Republican moderates have something to rejoice over. There is a tendency to over-interpret odd-year elections but there are certain trends now that are hopeful. In several places Negroes made their new voting strength visible. In several states apportionment showed its salutary influence. In New Jersey voters slapped down the effort of Republican Wayne Dumont, Jr. to beat Gov. Richard Hughes because the latter wouldn't force the discharge of a left-wing Rutgers professor. After all, nothing more was at stake than academic freedom. Richard Nixon came to Mr. Dumont's assistance, recalling those heady days when he raised the Red scare against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Douglas. Mr. Dumont vainly charged that the Governor doesn't "understand the principles of patriotism," and was "giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

We fear there will be a lot more of this before Vietnam is over, but perhaps it goes over better in California than New Jersey.

We read with wonder the attack on Group Research Report by the normally sensible Sen. Thurston Morton (R, Ky.). He had attacked the Birchites and perhaps felt he had to even scores by denouncing Group Research as a "blacklist." Nonsense. We see it, and find it accurate and factual; it keeps track of the far right in rather colorless, humdrum, cross-indexing. Where else, for example, would we get word like this (Oct. 29 issue)?

"Rev. David Noebel, top assistant to Hargis" (The Rev. Billy James Hargis, head of Christian Crusade, Tulsa) "is publishing a sequel to his recent book, *Communism, Hypnotism and the Beatles*, in which he alleges that folk music is a Communist plot. The sequel, due in six weeks, will be called *Rhythm, Riots and Revolution*."

We can hardly wait.

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Negro Registration

Registration is not proceeding at a rate that will produce the million new Negro voters in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina that Martin Luther King had hoped for by next summer. And no swarm of federal examiners has descended upon the South, despite the open demand of civil rights leaders and the discreet wish of moderate Southern politicians, especially those who will be running next year. Nevertheless, what has been accomplished since enactment on August 6 of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 is significant. The sum of it, as the Attorney General told the National Press Club in Washington, is that in the five Southern states mentioned, Negro registration has gone up 30 percent – from 582,000 to 750,000; and as of the end of October, federal examiners in 19 counties had registered upward of 55,000 of these new Negro voters. In Dallas County (Selma), for instance, a federal examiner having been on the scene for 64 days, the percentage of Negroes registered went up from 9.7 to 60. And last week, a newly assigned batch of examiners went to work in 12 additional counties in the South.

No doubt, a federal examiner would in almost every instance register more Negroes than would a local registrar. Long disadvantaged Negroes feel easier about going to a federal official than to the local courthouse. Besides, the federal examiner is bound to be more frequently available. Hence, if the sole objective of the Voting Rights Act were to get as many Negroes registered as fast as possible, it would be the Attorney General's duty to have an examiner in every county in those five states, as well as in Virginia and a number of counties in North Carolina. But the statute requires him to consider, before he dispatches an examiner, whether "bona fide [local] efforts are being made . . . to comply." The thing to be sought and fostered is not so much a spectacular quick statistic; it is the real and hopefully habit-forming involvement of Negroes and whites with each other in their own local political process.

There has been a surprising amount of voluntary compliance. Between August 6 and October 31, over 110,000 Negroes had been registered by local officials in areas affected by the Act. No doubt this is in part because the Justice Department is peering over their shoulders. The FBI and Department lawyers monitor registration in every county covered by the Act, and the Civil Rights division of the Department gets weekly reports. If a local registrar persists in using a literacy test, however elementary, to reject applicants (as happened in Jackson,

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Mississippi, where over 2,500 Negroes were registered but some 150 were rejected as illiterate), he will soon find an examiner on the scene; Jackson just got one. If old tricks to hold down numbers by providing very few registration days are resorted to (as in Montgomery, Alabama and in Clarendon County, South Carolina), examiners will be dispatched. They were sent to Montgomery recently to counter such a slowdown, even though 27 percent of eligible Negroes there (9,130) had been registered; within little more than a week there were 5,509 more. Even a number of registration days normal by standards generally applicable in the rest of the country has not been deemed enough. Southern officials must take account of the abnormal number of unregistered Negroes and make available abnormal opportunities to register.

If registration has not been as rapid as many had hoped, the reason is not altogether because relatively few examiners have been sent. The principal reason is that there are few concerted registration drives afoot. The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee had a frustrating drive last year. But this summer and fall, when such a drive might not have been frustrating, SNCC concentrated on the effort of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party to get itself seated in the US House of Representatives. The NAACP and Dr. King's organization did something, but not enough. The slackening of voluntary effort is particularly unfortunate, since the Attorney General is said to feel that voter registration drives are not the business of the federal government – and he is right. Who would want the Attorney General of the day to have it in his power to decide when it does or does not suit the purposes of an Administration to try for a high vote, and which group to try to register?

But there are things the federal government could do to accelerate Negro registration in the South without entering into the business of bringing voters to the registration desk or to the polling booth. When a federal examiner arrives on the scene, his presence is marked only by a notice in the Post Office. Yet the government does not restrict itself to the bulletin board graced by pictures of the 10 men most wanted by the FBI when income-tax day rolls around. Radio, TV and the newspapers could be used to make widely known the presence of examiners and their function. As the US Civil Rights Commission has recommended (but so far with little effect), the federal government could, and without undertaking to march applicants to the registrar's office, publicize the provisions of the Voting Rights Act – agents of the Department of Agriculture would be an excellent outlet for such publicity in rural areas. And it could emphasize the right and the obligation to vote, in the various adult education and literacy programs administered by HEW, the Department of Agriculture, and the Poverty Program.

Clamp-Down in Brazil

A high official in Washington said last month that the way to handle the Latin American military is "not to become estranged from them." The words were hardly out of his mouth when the voters, Congress and Supreme Court of Brazil learned their biting truth. The Brazilian Congress had refused to grant President Castelo Branco power to intervene in any state or limit freedom of movement of political opponents; thereupon, Congress was castrated. From now on it has 30 days in which to pass constitutional amendments, but they still become law if it refuses, and the President may recess Congress any time. The voters of Brazil had elected supporters of deposed President Goulart and of former President Kubitschek governors in six state races, a slap in the face of the military regime; Castelo Branco then dissolved all political parties and henceforth may unseat at will any federal, state or municipal legislator he doesn't like, as well as disfranchising any voter for 10 years. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court had rashly remarked that "it is time the military realized that in democratic regimes it is not their role to act as tutors to the nation." Castelo Branco has packed the Court and also can now remove any justice who "shows incompatibility with the revolution's objectives." To add insult to injury, all those steps have been taken "to assure tranquillity for the nation's economic development."

It is being said that Castelo Branco acted in order to forestall even more drastic steps by ultra-conservatives in the military, and that he has succeeded in preserving his authority against them as well as against corrupt demagogues who are threatening a comeback. But how drastic can you get?

December Draft Call

The December draft call of 45,224 men – about six times what it was in the same month last year – has sent local boards scrounging for bodies. Some boards – about to run out of eligible young men – are reclassifying graduate students 1-A. Others plan to begin drafting married men next month. The problem is not the result of a scarcity of draft-age males (there are 14 million men between the ages of 19 and 26), but rather one of deciding who should be "eligible." In the absence of uniform national standards, young men must regularly take the pulse of seemingly capricious local boards to determine their status; a deferment is only as permanent as the individual board wants it to be.

The Defense Department now allows boards to call some who previously would have flunked the Armed Forces Qualifying Test. Under the old standards pro-

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spective draftees scoring below the 31st percentile on the test had to pass supplementary examinations to qualify for induction (flunking the AFQT and the back-up exams supposedly indicated failure to have achieved an eighth-grade education). Now, if a young man can score in the 16th percentile of the test and has also graduated from high school, he will be draftable. The experience of having *attended* high school is now considered a better indicator of success in the armed forces than educational achievement reflected by the AFQT. Like the other piecemeal changes in eligibility standards, this one will bring in a few more men and put off a bit longer needed revision of the selective service system.

The New Byrd Men

Mills Godwin, the Byrd organization's candidate for Governor of Virginia, beat a well-heeled Republican challenge with the support of labor and Negro groups. And in Virginia, that's news. Of the estimated 70,000 Negro votes, Godwin is believed to have got about 50,000 – approximating his margin of victory. Hitherto the AFL-CIO has either supported the Republican nominee or been neutral, and the Byrd machine has been anti-union, opposing even a proposed state hourly minimum wage of 25 cents. Godwin himself was a principal architect of massive resistance to school integration in the 50's, but this year proclaimed full support for equality for everyone. According to anti-machine liberal Democrat Armisteade L. Boothe, who opposed Godwin in the 1961 primary for lieutenant governor but stumped for him this time, Godwin has undergone "a transformation as dramatic as Saul on the road to Damascus."

Godwin's platform – more spending, state jobs for Negroes – reflected Virginia's changing complexion, with the old agrarian power base being undermined by the growing urban and Negro vote. The Republicans have been gaining in the cities, so the more pragmatic Byrd men believe their machine must make peace with liberal and moderate Democrats. This new strategy caused a one-time Byrd stalwart, William J. Storey, to bolt and run as a Conservative Party candidate, polling a good part of the machine's customary vote in the southern black-belt counties. Senator Byrd himself supported Godwin only perfunctorily, but his whim is no longer law. Last year, the state Democratic convention endorsed President Johnson over his objections, and Mr. Johnson carried the state by 76,704 votes. This emboldened the younger men of the organization in their current political realism. Some liberal Democrats are suspicious of it. "You knew where you stood with the old leaders who wanted the old South to stay where it never was," one remarked, "but this new breed can be for anything so long as it wins."

New York's Republican Mayor

Running against Buckley, Lindsay Beats Beame

New York City

And so the Republicans of New York City, by a prodigy of plastic surgery rendered suddenly the party of the young, have elected a Mayor of New York. The city's turn toward John Lindsay may have been inevitable all along, but it became obvious three days before the vote. His Democrat opponent had disappeared; only William F. Buckley was visible, and Lindsay had accomplished the miracle of running against Goldwater in New York City.

It was the craftsman, John Lindsay, not the questing knight, who made the difference at the end, coolly and brilliantly exploiting the exhaustion of his professional opponents, the Democrats, who hated one another more than they could hate him; and exploiting his amateur enemies, the Buckleyites, who hated him more than they cherished what remained of their common sense.

The wisest judgments were pronounced by Senator Robert F. Kennedy, who fought the last week for the Democratic ticket. On the Tuesday before election, Lindsay went to Wall Street to speak against air pollution and was cried down by a crowd wearing the orange buttons that were Buckley's banner. "Look," said Robert Kennedy the next day, "suppose I'm a Republican running for Mayor of New York. Just what would I pay to get booed on Wall Street the last week of the election? And the Buckley people do it for Lindsay for free."

In Comptroller Abraham Beame, survivor of 30 years in the civil service and of a series of Democratic wars of fraternal annihilation, Kennedy had a candidate whose strongest quality was the earnest honesty of his resignation to the conviction that things in the city could never get any better. The Senator did what he could with what he had; and the immense property of the Democratic Party and the nearly as immense apathy of the city's voting habits almost pulled Beame through. But Kennedy learned long ago that in the truly tough struggles, the young always beat the middle-aged; close though it might be, it was lost. Beame was always in company, cloaked almost to the point of invisibility in the great mantle of the Democratic Party. In the last week, his two great hopes were a Washington rescue mission, captained by Vice President Humphrey, and a TV talk with Senator Kennedy.

Beame was in the middle of the latter essay, when that part of Robert Kennedy which is compelled to manage, and that part which is driven to the rescue

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of any human sufferer combined, and the Senator almost shouted: "Look at me, Abe. Get mad at me. Bring your fists down." And then the Senator said that when the cameras started again, he would point his finger in the candidate's face and say, "All right, Abe Beame, tell us why you think you deserve to be Mayor of New York." "That's great," Beame answered. "And then what do I say?" There was nothing more for Kennedy the manager to do after that, and he sadly finished the lamentable business. The great Democratic propaganda effort at the end was a film of Robert F. Kennedy talking about the salvation of the city with his friend less interested than he in the subject.

John Lindsay was free to run against William Buckley and the Goldwater conservatives. He had every moral right; the Buckley people had savaged him with all the feeble power of their malice; and then suddenly they found out how the great professionals play the game. Lindsay coldly picked William F. Buckley up and displayed him as an object of terror.

Afterwards the professionals said that Buckley had beaten Beame because he had attracted the lower middle-class civil servants to whom Buckley is a kind of racquet club tie, and that Buckley had turned them from conservatives who would vote for the Democrats and their jobs to radicals who voted for their deplorable principles. But it seemed more plausible to say that Lindsay had beaten Beame because he ran against Buckley. By being noticed, Buckley had won 150,000 more votes – many of them Democratic – than a routine conservative candidate could have; but, also, by being noticed, he cost Beame, his real candidate, 200,000 more votes than a routine conservative could have, because he had scared the liberals.

There was no other way to explain the estimate that Lindsay polled more than 40 percent of the Negro vote, which is ordinarily 80 percent Democratic, or the fact that he seems to have had even a majority of the Jewish vote. The Lindsay base was the promise of what he would do for New York; but the Lindsay margin was a salute to him for the enemies he had made.

MURRAY KEMPTON

COMING: *A report from Texas on Connally's magic bullet — by Andrew Kopkind*

Satchmo Returns to His Home Town, Briefly

New Orleans

Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, star of stage, screen, and the United States Information Service, has wowed them in Ouagadougou and was boffo from Bamako to Bangkok, but in the past 18 years he has not been back to play in his native New Orleans. There is a legend that he once got as far as the airport beyond the city limits, but was refused passage into town in a whites-only limousine, and vowed never to return until his old home town was integrated.

New Orleans finally has integrated audiences for public concerts, under the 1964 Civil Rights Act, and last week Satchmo came here, played one concert, to about 5,000 people (three-quarters of capacity) in an ill-suited gymnasium at Loyola University, decided not to spend the night in town and flew to Houston.

About the music, there is not very much to be said – Armstrong is one of the great trumpet players, but he long ago gave up the jazz ghost, and now he is simply the square's jazzman. And he hardly even plays the trumpet. But in New Orleans, he is a social phenomenon, and among Negroes across the country he occupies a special position as success symbol, cultural hero, and racial cop-out. The New Orleans newspapers, naturally, made no mention of the reasons for Armstrong's long absence from the city. Nor did they report that the young, self-conscious Negroes here were not pleased by the visit. They complain that although Armstrong may feel strongly about civil rights and has made a few statements, he has not been on the front line.

In some ways he is the most successful Negro "personality" of the century – certainly he has been a show business star for the longest time; he is celebrating his 50th anniversary as a musician this year. Sammy Davis, Jr., Harry Belafonte, and Odetta will have to go a long way to equal his standing. But they are where the action is; Armstrong is off proving to the world that Negroes have an honored place in our nation's cultural life.

It is not easy to be the State Department's Official Negro and please all the folks back home. The Negroes who came to the concert were almost all in the "black bourgeoisie." There were few under 30, except for a group of 80 youngsters from the waifs' home where Armstrong himself once lived. When the visit was announced and committees (white and Negro) formed to meet Armstrong at the airport and shower him with gifts and citations, a group of young Negroes asked him to parade, in the New Orleans tradition, through the black streets where he grew up. Satchmo refused.

No one is quite sure how to approach the remnants of the New Orleans "Dixieland" tradition. There are

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several Negro bands which still hold funeral parades (there were 20 in August, a good hot month for funerals), but there is a tendency for young Negroes to view the dancing and wriggling, the minstrel costumes and the satin sashes and flowered umbrellas, as pandering to a demeaning stereotype. Within the Negro areas, it has a certain ghetto nostalgia – like anti-Semitic jokes told at Jewish weddings. But when whites come to gawk it can cause embarrassment.

During Mardi Gras, the Zulus – a Negro club whose members are "gods of fun and toleration" – dress up in costume and minstrel blackface and parade through the streets, only partially in self-parody. (Armstrong himself was once King of Zulu.) "The Indians," clubs of Negro boys, run through town whooping and singing. It is all quite ceremonial and there are not many such expressive folk ceremonies left in America. New Orleans jazz, after all, is a rare example of mass folk art. That does not stop many Negroes, and a few sympathetic whites, from feeling uneasy when they see it as a patronized "performance" for white Louisianians.

Louis Armstrong's brief stop here reminded a lot of people how impure even the purest folk art can be, how much the social setting colors the art. As for Satchmo himself, he seems untouched by all the doubts around him. He is a New Orleans trumpet player who loves to entertain. He is not very serious about art or politics, or even life. He was overjoyed when he was presented with a loving gift from his appreciative old friends: a cemetery plot – so he can come home again sometime for good.

Andrew Kopkind

Japan – The Two Reischauers

Tokyo

Japan's fourth estate, sometimes hailed as one of the "freest" in the world, suddenly finds itself flagellated, not so much by its own government as by the US State Department. A few days ago, the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, William Bundy, charged that Japan "gravely underestimates the threat that Chinese Communist domination of South and Southeast Asia would present to Japan's own interests," and that "large segments of Japanese opinion seriously misunderstand the situation in Vietnam and Communist China." An earlier rap on the knuckles came from America's Ambassador to Tokyo, Dr. Edwin O. Reischauer, who only a few months back was stoutly defending the Japanese press against his Department's charges of "Communist infiltration."

Expectedly, the prime cause of the friction is the antipathy felt toward the war in Vietnam by 75 percent of the Japanese public, according to a recent opinion poll by the *Asahi*, the nation's largest newspaper. (Some members of Premier Eisaku Sato's own pro-American ruling party say as much as "90 percent" of the Japanese people disapprove of Washington's Vietnam policy, and, consequently, of Sato's support of it.)

Reischauer, born in Japan and former professor of Oriental history at Harvard, is understandably sensitive to what Japanese think and say about him and the country he represents. Recently he told newsmen that "Japan is *the* most important country in Asia." And in the US he said that Japan is "perhaps more important to us than any one of our European friends. . . ."

When, earlier this year, Undersecretary of State George Ball and Assistant Secretary of State Douglas MacArthur II charged that the *Asahi* and *Mainichi*, two of Japan's largest and most highly respected papers, were dominated by Communists, Reischauer issued an immediate refutation. He termed the charges "untrue." "We welcome the candid appraisal of our policies by the great independent media of other free nations. The Japanese press is no exception," Reischauer said in a statement, adding: "Even when it disagrees with or criticizes United States policy, we admire its professionalism and enterprise, welcome its independence and forthrightness and respect its political integrity."

The influential *Mainichi*, indignantly calling the charges a "grave insult to the Japanese people," said: "It must be regarded as regrettable that American policy makers, with such meager knowledge of Japan, are allowed to continue in making Asian policy."

Nevertheless, official American and Japanese displeasure with Japanese press reports of the Vietnam war was increased as 1965 wore on. Japanese newsmen who filed eyewitness stories on the Viet Cong were especially vulnerable to criticism. One after another they travelled to Viet Cong areas and a few actually were held captive for several months. Later, their reports were filled with graphic descriptions, and not a few tended to create sympathy for the Viet Cong.

Reischauer, who had been denied the platforms of several Japanese universities because of their opposition to the Vietnam war, left for home in midsummer and

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delivered numerous speeches to American audiences. In Boston he said the Japanese public "has been a great deal more critical [of the US role in Vietnam] than the government." The Tokyo government, he said, "was perhaps better informed – and that is why it is more understanding than the public." (Foreign Minister Etsusaburo Shiina admitted earlier this year that much of the Japanese government's information about the Vietnam war was derived directly from American sources in Saigon and Tokyo. Subsequently, he sent veteran diplomat Shunichi Matsumoto to Saigon on a "fact-finding" mission, but his findings – to a large extent – corroborated what was being reported in the Japanese press. The Foreign Minister later told newsmen he would caution Matsumoto to be "more discreet" in his public comments which "give the impression he is criticizing our government's policy on Vietnam.")

Reischauer was still in the US when Guam-based B-52's flew to Okinawa and thence directly on a bombing mission over South Vietnam. In a Boston speech he said: "Many Japanese feel that US bases in Japan and Okinawa are more a threat to their security than an insurance policy against aggression." The Japanese, he declared, were "concerned about the US using bases in Okinawa as a jumping-off place for attacks on North Vietnam. They fear any escalation in that war might involve them."

Most Japanese applauded the Ambassador's remarks, particularly when Reischauer stated that such acts as the B-52 raid from Okinawa were "causing America's reputation in Japan to decline." The nationally-circulated *Yomiuri*, the third of the "Big Three" newspapers in Japan, referred to Reischauer as "pro-Japanese." The *Mainichi* even said that the Reischauer statements "were what we wanted the Japanese Ambassador in Washington to say."

Not surprisingly, many Japanese interpreted the remarks that Reischauer made in America as indicating some dissatisfaction with his government's Vietnam policies, particularly as they affected US-Japan relations. But upon his return to Tokyo, Reischauer said he "fully" supported US policy.

The next major US collision with the Japanese press was caused by Japanese news reports from Hanoi which suggested that America was guilty of repeatedly bombing civilian targets, including a North Vietnamese leper hospital and houses of worship. Reischauer excoriated these reports, saying: "Poor newsmen cannot tell the difference between propaganda and truth." The newsmen in question were the "foreign editors" of the *Asahi* and *Mainichi*, both of them veteran reporters.

Reischauer's sharpest barb was aimed at the reports of the *Mainichi's* foreign editor, Minoru Omori, who has served many years as a correspondent in New York and Washington. Omori and his counterpart from the *Asahi* visited Hanoi and were shown a film of an alleged US air attack on the 2,300-patient Kin Lap Leprosarium. Omori reported that US warplanes had bombed the 160-building complex for 10 days between July 12 and 22, that the buildings bore Red Cross markings on their roofs, that they were destroyed by low-flying American planes, that "churches and Buddhist temples" also were bombed. He said the film was authentic and that when he saw such scenes as "a patient with both legs torn off from the knees, being carried to an air-raid shelter but thrown to the ground by an explosion," it had the effect of "making us, people from a third nation, bury our heads in our hands."

In an official reply, Reischauer called the Omori report "utterly false." A statement released by the US Embassy denied that American planes had "deliberately" bombed the leprosarium. "This canard has been played as a propaganda gambit previously by the North Vietnamese regime," it said.

Reischauer, in a press conference at Osaka on Oct. 5, called the Japanese press "biased" in its reports about Vietnam. He told newsmen that since he assumed his Tokyo post four-and-a-half years ago, he had taken a *teishisei*, or "low posture," in his attitudes toward the Japanese, "But now is not the time for beating around the bush. We must be frank and ready to point out the other's wrongs." At the same time, he lamented the fact that "there is so little understanding of US policy in Vietnam by the Japanese public." On the other hand, a column in *The Japan Times* of Oct. 28 said that "many" Japanese journalists and intellectuals complain that "even Reischauer, after all, can't understand Asia and Asians." Such criticism of Reischauer, who is perhaps America's foremost expert on Japan, accords with similar criticism of Americans in general made recently by ex-Premier Shigeru Yoshida, Japan's "elder statesman." In a magazine interview, Yoshida, who is considered a warm friend of the United States, said: "I have told Americans many times over that they do not understand the Orient. I believe this applies in Vietnam as well."

Meanwhile, there appears to be a hardening of Japanese opinion concerning the US Ambassador. Some Japanese have noted a deep cleavage between "Reischauer the professor" and "Reischauer the diplomat." For instance, they recall that on May 14, in Miyazaki, near Tokyo, the Ambassador asserted: "If I were now a professor at Harvard, I might assume a critical view of America's Vietnam policy." Earlier, he told an audience in Detroit on Jan. 28 that the United States "should expect Japan to insist on an independent foreign policy."

Of late, the phrase "the two Reischauers" is heard.

ALBERT AXELBANK

ALBERT AXELBANK *is an American journalist who has been in Japan for some years.*

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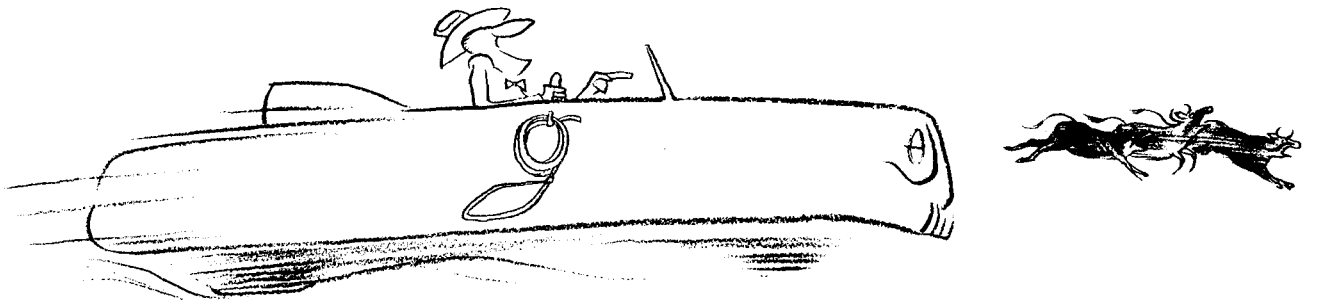

One Year of L.B.J.

by Tom Wicker

drawings by Robert Osborn

Not since George Washington ran unopposed had any President emerged from an election under such splendid auguries as those that greeted Lyndon B. Johnson twelve months ago. The Republican Party lay in shards and splinters somewhere in the rubble of the greatest landslide in history. Congress belonged to Johnson's Democrats, lock, stock and pork barrel. After a year of secondhand status as John Kennedy's successor, the President had an established Administration reasonably united under his leadership, his operating methods had been tried in the furnace, and the broad outlines of his program had been carved from his Populist background, the Kennedy legacy, and his own 30 years of unrivalled experience in getting things done. Barry Goldwater and his curious crew had succeeded in gaining for that program, as well as for the President himself, the most resounding public mandate since FDR promised Repeal.

It was just as well, therefore, that the doctors who recently removed Johnson's gallbladder and one kidney stone (leaving another for future reference) did not locate those extra glands Jack Valenti had claimed as Presidential equipment. This failure was downright reassuring after a year in which it had become all too easy to believe that LBJ was not constructed quite like you and me. He was not, after all, the probing surgeons were able to show us, a super-Lyndon. If, like Valenti, we could sleep more soundly because Johnson was our man in the White House, it was not for glandular reasons.

Rather, the most casual glance across the months to November of 1964, the beginning days of what might be called the Second Johnson Empire, discloses that Johnson is not an anatomical freak but a superb political leader who has known how to take advantage of favorable circumstances and to get through the rainy days without wetting his feet.

The Second Empire, it seems to me, began in December when the President moved the multilateral nuclear force to the bottom of his agenda. This was done by the simple expedient of leaking to the press a National Security Council memorandum in which the President ordered eager diplomats to cease and desist in any "pressure tactics" on the allies, in order that there might be the fullest consultations, the maximum unity among European nations, and ultimate approval of all plans by both Britain and Germany (each of whom, at that time, was expected to undergo elections in 1965).

No doubt this was significant diplomatically; it certainly was symbolic for the Second Empire. It meant that Johnson wanted to concentrate on domestic affairs, where his expertise was unchallenged and his weapons were formidable, and that he was determined to do so until he had a chance to visit abroad, assert his diplomatic leadership, and find out which way the Euro-

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Tom Wicker, former White House correspondent of *The New York Times*, is now that newspaper's Washington correspondent. Robert Osborn's drawings appear in this and other magazines, as well as in books, the latest of which is *Dying to Smoke*.

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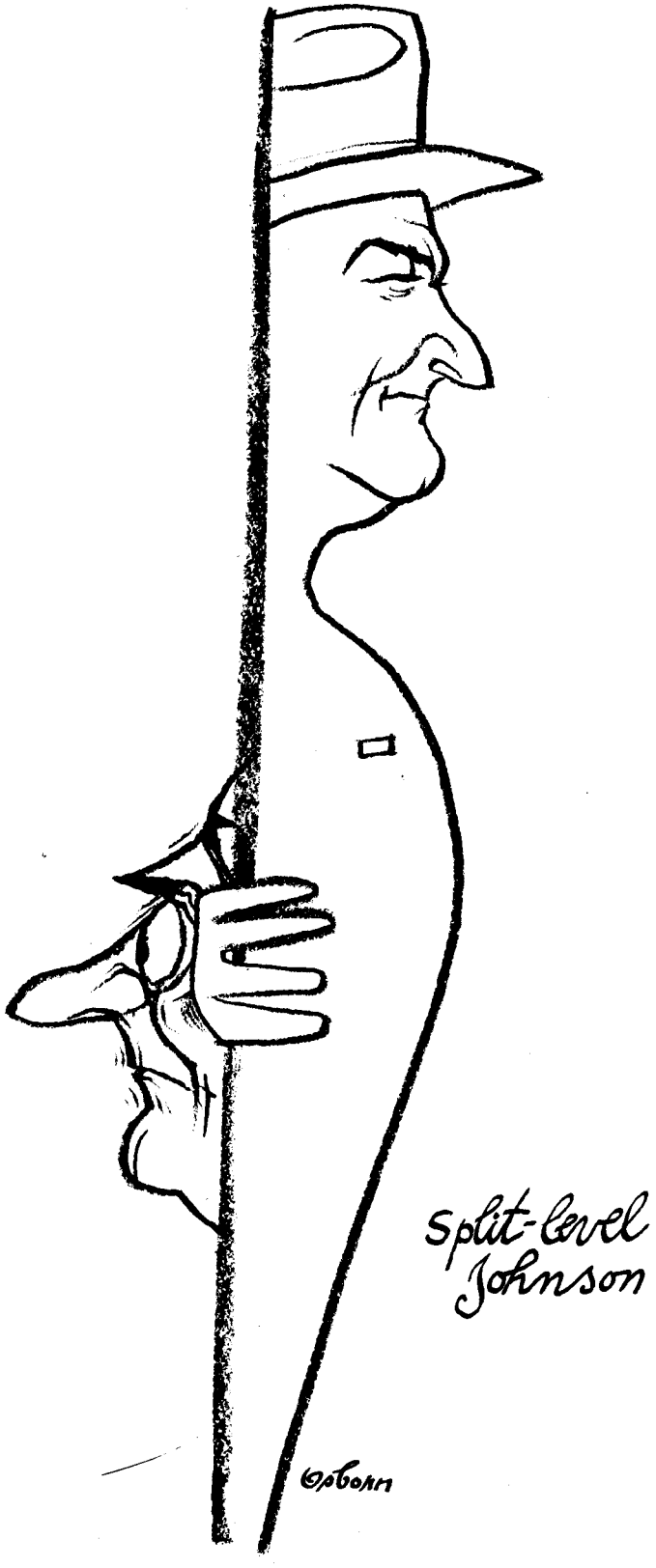
pean cats ultimately would jump. It was the Johnson Method – concentrating on his strengths and preparing his ground.

The MLF episode may also have suggested to those who ponder the alliance's defense problems that the President was merely delaying inevitable decisions; he was making his own beginning, not concluding or solving the matter. A year later, that too seems symbolic – not merely of Lyndon Johnson but of the political process itself. Seldom has it been better illustrated than in the first year of the Second Empire that politics solves few problems; it can raise them and it can ease them, but solutions, if any, are up to other processes. Political actions, in fact, are likely to create even more things to be done.



Having papered over his foreign exposure, the President proceeded immediately to lay out the Great Society. In his State of the Union message – delivered, for maximum effect and needle-power, the day the 89th Congress convened – he pressed for a new education bill, the old Medicare program, broad approaches to conservation and natural beauty, a doubled war on poverty, an arts and humanities fund, reduced excise taxes and virtually every leftover from Democratic Presidents going back to the New Deal; he even gave a glimmer of green light to government activity in population control. For good effect, he talked of visiting Europe and Latin America and proposed an exchange of visits with the new Soviet leaders.

Flurry over the Funeral

But it was a foreign trip Johnson did not propose that shortly was in the headlines. When Sir Winston Churchill died, the President was just out of hospital, where he had gone for treatment of a chest cold. Since he could not travel himself, it was widely assumed that he would send Vice President Hubert Humphrey to represent the United States at the Churchill funeral.

For reasons of his own, which the general public seemed to consider malevolent, Johnson left Humphrey sitting on the home bench. This real or imagined slight caused the first widespread criticism of the Second Empire and began a sort of continuing bemusement in Washington about the status of the Vice President. One day he appeared a useful Administration official; the next he seemed to be a lackey bound hand and foot to the President. Either way, he was obviously the busiest Vice President in history, not excluding Lyndon B. Johnson.

Events on the Hill soon overshadowed the minor crisis over the Humphrey-Churchill plight. Johnson had judged the moment correctly, he had the majorities, the public support, the riddled opposition, the political expertise. It was the time to strike and he struck hard. Providing astute leadership, palatable measures, and a carefully nurtured climate of public approval, Johnson wrested from his majorities the most remarkable legislative record at least of the postwar era (characteristically Texan, Johnson himself claimed it was the best ever). In doing so, he achieved not so much absolute dominance over a rubber-stamp Con-

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gress (it frustrated him on home rule for the District of Columbia, the repeal of Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, federal pay raises, and improved on his handiwork in such programs as Medicare) as a taut and effective relationship between President and Congress – the one initiating and leading, the other examining, braking, improving – that resulted in general concurrence, not legislative dictatorship.

At least twice, Johnson's skillful political opportunism came to his rescue. When the Rev. Martin Luther King and the Selma marchers generated a new racial crisis in March, Johnson wasted little time – except privately – in complaining about Negro ingratitude for the Civil Rights Act of 1964; he seized the opportunity King provided and thrust before Congress a bill to remedy the major weakness of the 1964 measure. It provided federal registrars to put Negroes on the voting books in the Southern areas most marked by discrimination, and it may prove to be the bluntest instrument yet wielded against racial injustice.

Again, Johnson waited until precisely the right moment before seizing on a suggestion by Rep. Gerald

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Ford, the House Republican leader – of all people – that he request a special appropriation for the Vietnamese war; then Johnson made the vote on the request something like a vote of confidence in the President – one he knew he could not help but win. Members of Congress do not customarily vote against American troops under fire and, though many were disgruntled, they produced an overwhelming and welcome display of support for Johnson's Vietnamese policy.

That policy nonetheless continued to be the President's major problem and an issue on which his "consensus" appeared somewhat thin. In February, he ordered the bombing of North Vietnam, supposedly in retaliation for Communist Viet Cong "provocation"; as the year wore on it became apparent that the bombing was more nearly a bargaining counter to be used in getting the issue to the negotiating table.

"Negotiations" was for a short time a dirty word at the White House; then, after a Johnson speech at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, the quest for negotiations became a prominent part of the Vietnamese policy. That policy, stated simply, was by force of arms to convince the Viet Cong that they could not win a military victory, and thus to drive them and their North Vietnamese sponsors to the table for a negotiated peace.

Many people outside the Administration, and some within it, disliked this approach. Some liberal members of Congress railed against the bombing; some Republican members wanted more bombing and no non-

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sense about negotiations; some generals concurred; and the Vietnamese war began to rival civil rights as a cause for youthful and academic discontent, picketing, beard-growing and guitar-strumming.

On this issue, even as he began to move his sweeping legislation through a rejuvenated Congress, Johnson suddenly became a minor national villain. Here was the possibility of history repeating itself in a way Johnson privately had vowed he never would permit; just as FDR, master of all he surveyed after the 1936 landslide, had gone aground trying to pack the Supreme Court, would LBJ founder in the storm rising over Vietnam?

And then the Dominican Affair

As the question became acute, moreover, Johnson plunged headlong into another foreign adventure, the intervention in the Dominican Republic, that was entirely of his own making and seemed to many critics even less justifiable than the enlarged Vietnamese war. A smattering of troops who had gone in to save American lives in Santo Domingo suddenly became a force of 20,000 valiantly trying to save the Dominican Republic from Communists, Castroites and other vaguely defined forces of 20th-Century evil.

Nobody ever really proved the presence of the Communists – which is not to say that they weren't there, or about to be – and at times it looked (on television screens and in the most reputable newspapers and magazines) as if the American troops were really saving the Dominicans from anybody and everybody except the military junta that the Administration had helped to set up (as a bargaining counter to the rebels, it was explained, with a view to getting a negotiated settlement; the Vietnam approach in different circumstances). A ranting Johnson, appearing suddenly on Sunday night television, made matters worse by seeming to promise more such interventions anywhere the specter of Communism might emerge in the Western hemisphere; that opened too broad a range of possibilities for comfort.

Thus, at midyear, as he juggled both Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, Johnson reached the low point of the Second Empire. The Washington press turned sour, raking both episodes as well as the volatile Johnson personality over the coals, and the President struck back in kind – lowrating the press at every opportunity, singling out some offenders for such indignities as deliberate mispronunciations of their names, yet hauling reporters in for endless almost compulsive harangues about the problems he faced, the iniquities of his opponents, and the sterling virtues of his policies.

There was widespread gloom in Washington, at that time, particularly among some who knew and admired Johnson most; many feared he had stumbled off balance and would not regain his footing, that in the trials of foreign policy he would lose his glittering opportunity at home.

It did not happen. By now, we can see that Johnson ended the year since his election not much less in command than when he began it; that he made good on his domestic promises, survived about as well as anyone could in Vietnam, kept some kind of lid on the Dominican Republic, and maintained the general confidence and prosperity.

There are several reasons, I think, why Johnson recovered so remarkably from his early summer dol-

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drums. The first, but perhaps not the most important, is that things actually began to go fairly well – better, at least, than predicted even in the White House – in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic.

They went better both at home and on the scene. In particular, the President regained much ground with one stroke – the August news conference in which, although he announced increased draft calls and more troops to South Vietnam, he did not take so military an approach as his own advisers had urged; he carefully and conspicuously kept open a diplomatic alley to negotiations. From Walter Lippmann to the man in the street, one could almost feel the sense of relief in the country.

On the scene, American troops stabilized the military situation to the point where military sources, at least, now assert that the shooting war cannot be lost; and here was a respite from the endless cycle of coups, regimes and more coups that had made the phrase "Saigon government" little more than a joke.

As for the Dominican Republic, neither the obstreperous generals nor the elusive Communists wound up in charge, and some sort of a government under the auspices of the Organization of American States is functioning somehow. The whole contraption might blow up any day but out of sight is out of mind; with the cessation of daily headlines from Santo Domingo, the whole issue seems to have dropped from the public's ken, if not from the President's.

Moreover, as if having learned a hard lesson, Johnson's restraint during the brief Indian-Pakistani war was exemplary. He took no sides, rattled no sabres, remained discreetly silent except for obvious peace appeals, worked with the Soviets under cover of the United Nations, and not only got a tenuous ceasefire but restored a degree of dignity and prestige to the UN, which needed it.

Another reason for the flourish with which Johnson finished his year – and a somewhat more disturbing one – was his ability to dominate and color the public atmosphere. This was based in no small part on his massive use of television and tireless pursuit of publicity; it was given a considerable boost in midsummer by one of the President's most inspired appointments – that of the redoubtable Bill Moyers to be his press secretary as well as his top staff assistant. Moyers

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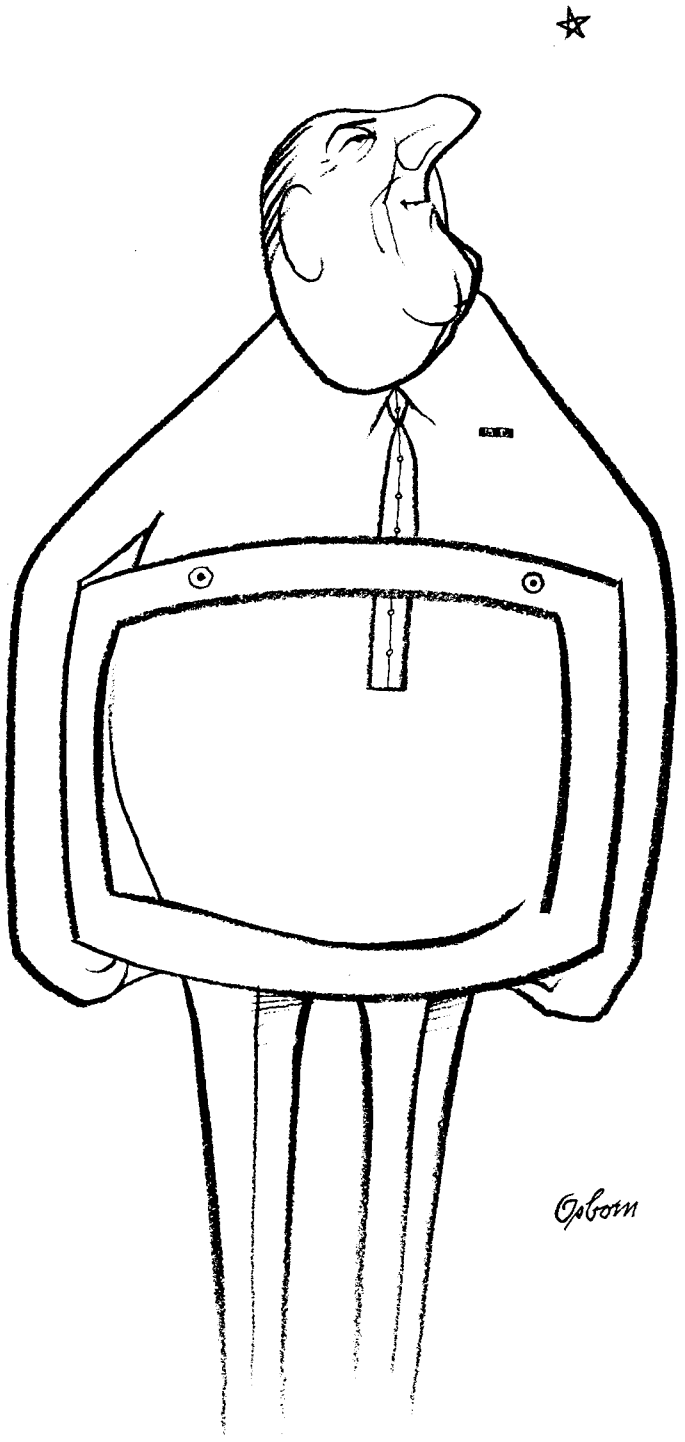
promptly put an end to the long harangues, and the sniping from the press quickly faded away.

Johnson became the most frequent performer on the Huntley-Brinkley and Cronkite news programs, to say nothing of others. His news conferences were half given over to evangelistic pronouncements and the celebration of appointments. He got himself on the air signing bills, greeting delegations, making speeches, walking his dogs. No other President has approached his exposure – certainly not after he pulled up his shirt to bare his surgical incision for the frankest photograph of the year.



What Johnson did, the public saw; what he said, the public heard; and this raises questions of real importance in a democracy. It is not so much a matter of propaganda, which can be seen through. Television's scholars tell us, anyway, that political appearances rarely change anyone's opinion.

They *do* create and strengthen opinion, and television now makes a tremendous impact on the public's basic knowledge of what is happening. To a large extent, these days, that knowledge is being shaped and guided by Lyndon Johnson, who has the position and the guile and the means to make more impact on it than anyone else. When he appeared beneath the Statue of Liberty, past which the forebears of millions of Americans had sailed with soaring hope, he may not have changed the opinion of a single opponent of the immigration reform bill, but he left no one who favored it or who had been an immigrant himself or whose parents had been immigrants in any doubt as to whose bill it was. That is impact.

The President's influence on the public climate was intimately bound to the third major reason for his successful first year. That was the sheer extent of his accomplishments, the extraordinary variety of bases which, in a plural society, he touched so solidly.

Johnson has understood as few Presidents have that in a variegated and intensely political society of conflicting interests, ideas and traditions no President can move far without broad public support. Perhaps no President has more successfully intertwined his substantive program, his political courtships, and his fulminations from the "bully pulpit" of the White House into a constant and unceasing quest for that public support which alone yields the ultimate power to act. Seldom, in its turn, has the power to act been exercised with such a careful eye to the quest for support.

Tax reduction, the voluntary program to right the imbalance of payments, the soft-voiced enforcement of price and wage guidelines, the frequent announcements of new government economies – all may be seen as Presidential achievements, but equally considered as appeals for the support of powerful economic interests. Add to the list the somewhat muted effort to repeal Section 14(b), the permissive attitude toward labor's desire to increase the minimum wage, a variety of civil rights and welfare programs, and the persistent public wooing of both sides, and it is possible to see how a liberal Democratic President has been able to marry business without divorcing labor.

If Congress virtually was ordered to pass the White House education bill, it still was given its head to produce its own medical care bill; and if its nose was kept to the grindstone, and its hand out of the President's prerogatives with a couple of vigorous vetoes, its leaders still were awarded their frequent hour in the television sun, and its members a heaping share of the

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PLATITUDES

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President's praise and preferment.

Johnson went farther than any President ever had on behalf of the Negro in his voting rights speech and in his powerful address to the Howard University graduating class; but he crept along not much ahead of the white folks' pace in sending federal registrars into the South. He offended the righteous by granting Ted Kennedy's wish that the unlikely Francis X. Morrissey should have a place on the federal bench; but that was one slip to be measured against a host of excellent appointments – Justice Arthur Goldberg to the UN, for instance, and the impressive John Gardner to be Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

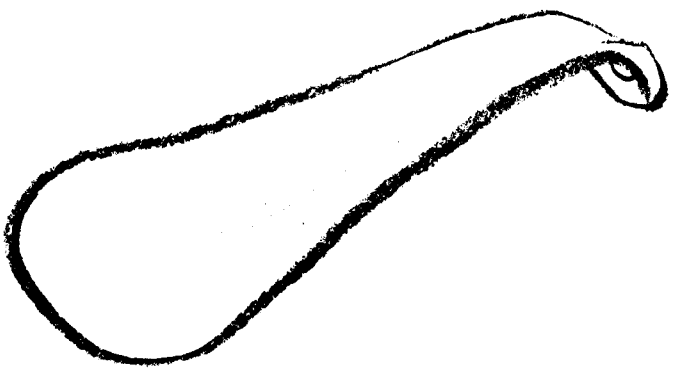
Medicare for the old folks and the young they might otherwise burden – civil rights for the Negroes and liberals – a new Cabinet department and a variety of other programs for the cities – continued federal support for the farmer – immigration reform for second-generation Americans – war on poverty for the disadvantaged – tax reduction for the businessman – the arts bill for the longhairs – the beautification program for women and gardeners – education for all, including Roman Catholics and unemployed miners: considered solely on the balance sheet of political advantage, the Second Empire has offered and provided something for every interest, every group, save the Ku Klux Klan.

Where, as a result, is the strongest opposition to this tireless President? It is in none of the places where it might have been expected – not in the paralyzed Republican Party, not in a Congress dominated by local interest and states' rights, not in a business community dazzled by prosperity, not in the cantankerous liberal wing of the Democratic Party, not even among the Negroes with their suspicion of white moderation and their growing rejection of political action. It is rather among the obnoxious Klansmen and their ilk, on the one hand, and a handful of students and academics and pacifists on the other – groups linked by nothing but their positions on the opposite, outer edges of the political spectrum.

That is why Lyndon Johnson – despite all those who do not much care for him or for his manners – has such phenomenal support in the country today. To win is to gather power, and to expend power is to win support – that is the political cycle that Lyndon has mastered as nearly as his economists have conquered the business cycle.

The ultimate effect, of course, will be long in the weighing. It is in the nature of political action that leaders like Johnson achieve laws and set policies, then go on to others; the questions at which laws and policies are aimed remain. Medicare must be administered, the war on poverty must be won, not merely launched, the Negroes must actually be put on the voting rolls and into decent jobs, the junkyards must be physically removed, the parks and playgrounds carved out of the choking cities. Laws may be passed but rivers can remain eternally polluted. Vietnam and the Dominican Republic have at most been coped with for the moment, and – as if as a reminder – there is always the alliance, working its way again to the top of the agenda.

The politician may triumph, as Lyndon Johnson did in 1965 and may in 1966, but the triumph is only political. It is not conclusive.



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Acheson: Birth of a Statesman

by Louis J. Halle

Among all the dazzling personalities who have graced the Washington scene since World War I, Dean Acheson has not been the least brilliant. I put it that way out of prudence, although I can think of no match for him in the intellectual and moral qualities that, by making him shine, have also made him a prime target for, let us say, small boys with water-pistols.

It is interesting to compare him with another Groton-Harvard gentleman,

Morning and Noon
by Dean Acheson
(Houghton Mifflin; $6)

eleven years his senior, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Each had emerged from the chrysalis of a patrician upbringing to find himself coping with insects of the common sort on the dunghill of democratic politics. Both entered into this rough life with the courage of Wordsworth's Happy Warrior,

> . . . whose powers shed round him
> in the common strife,
> Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
> A constant influence, a peculiar
> grace.

Both entered into it with the same gallantry, the same sophisticated humor, the same sense of great adventure. Here the similitude ends and the contrast begins.

FDR fitted perfectly Walter Bagehot's definition of a constitutional statesman as "a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities." Not only his opinions but the instrument of his mind itself was without distinction. Because he was not a deep thinker, his convictions could not be profound. They came from his environment, with which he always found himself in an easy harmony. Acheson's mind, on the other hand, is a powerful reasoning instrument that always reasons its way straight down to the roots of the problems to which it addresses itself. It is a practical mind, the mind of a man of action rather than a contemplative, so that one could never enlist its interest for any problem that was simply abstract and academic. Nevertheless, it is founded on a commitment to moral principle such as is proper to the son of the Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut, brought up on the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer.

In politics, be it noted, nothing is more dangerous than to practice, in place of the pharisaism that passes for morality, morality itself. It was the authority of the founder of Christianity, in his advocacy of compassion for sinners, that Acheson cited when he made his politically disastrous statement that he did not intend to turn his back on Alger Hiss, whom the courts had just found guilty of perjury in denying that he had spied for Moscow. This statement immediately exposed him to the full fury of the Scribes and the Pharisees.

Since politics (rather than sex) is the purest expression of Original Sin, it is sometimes wrong for those who enter into it to be right. The disposition always to do what was right, exemplified by the statement on Hiss, was Acheson's Achilles' heel as a public servant. There were occasions when his advisers had themselves to practice the moral evasions that he disdained, refusing to admit that a possible course of action was right because they knew that, on such a finding, he would be disposed to adopt it without regard for the political consequences to himself.

By the power of his mind, by a certain aggressive energy, by the graces and the savoir faire of a patrician upbringing, Acheson was bound to be a success from the start. The doors that remain closed to us ordinary mortals for years, if they ever open at all, opened for him at his first approach. By the time he left Harvard Law School he already had, preceding him as his enthusiastic door-opener, Professor Felix Frankfurter, one of the few persons who would be able to open even the door to the President's office without an appointment. When he began the practice of law, the court in which he made his debut was not the police-court of Middletown, Connecticut, but the International Court of Justice at The Hague. He began his career in Government as Acting Secretary of the Treasury under FDR.

Since he never had the reason we others have to want self-confidence, is it any wonder that he should have offended many by what seemed to them arrogance? While impatience with fools may not be a fault in itself, in public life it is certainly a fault to let it show. FDR was never guilty of this.

President Roosevelt was friendly to everyone who came into his presence, treating him with a familiar ease, quickly calling him by his first name.

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It is significant that when Acheson, still a young man, was introduced to the President at the White House, he resented this. "To me," he writes, "it was patronizing and humiliating. To accord the President the greatest deference and respect should be a gratification to any citizen. It is not gratifying to receive the easy greeting which milord might give a promising stable boy and pull one's forelock in return."

When, at the age of 13, I was FDR's office-boy for a spell, I was immensely flattered to have him give me a lift home after the day's work (although this was long before he became President). It did not occur to me to resent the fact that I sat up front with the chauffeur, where I belonged, separated by the glass partition from the lord of Hyde Park who occupied by himself the first-class compartment in the rear. But Acheson, resenting the President's friendly condescension, was not manifesting a proper self-respect. He was also, I surmise, showing himself a bit spoiled. As Roosevelt's Acting Secretary of the Treasury he promptly proceeded to oppose the President and to quarrel with him. Today, possessing the deeper wisdom of one who has since passed through great ordeals, he suggests with disarming candor that this may have been, in part, simply because he disliked him.

One purpose of our life here below, I could well believe, is to chasten us. The chastening experiences, spared Acheson for the first half-century of his life, were to come to him at last in one concentrated dose after in 1949, he became, Secretary of State. Before that year was out, Russia had produced its first atomic explosion and Mao Tse-tung's Communists had swept our Nationalist allies off the mainland of China. Six months after its end, the Communists launched their surprise attack in Korea, for which the United States was utterly unprepared, and President Truman announced that Moscow had now passed to the stage of resorting to armed invasion and war for the realization of its objectives. Throughout our American society the tremors of a suppressed panic could be felt.

Fear now brought to a culmination the need of the American society to relieve itself of the blame for what ap-

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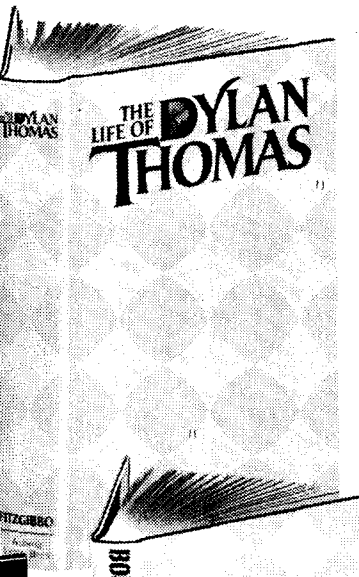

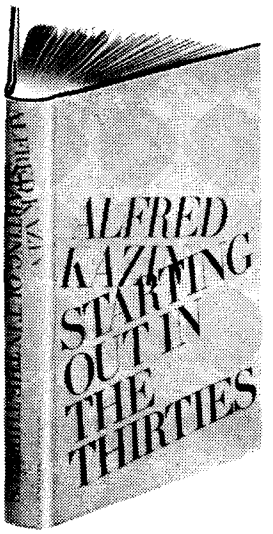

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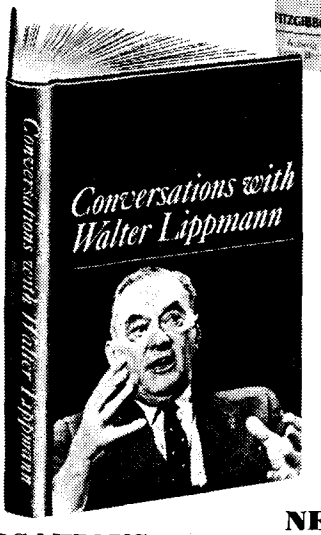

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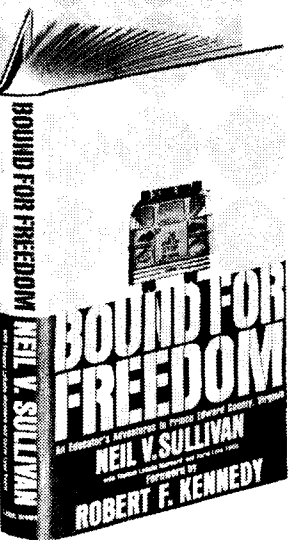

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peared to be mounting failure by finding within its ranks individuals or groups upon whom that blame could be cast. Then, by destroying such individuals or groups, in one way or another, the society could consider itself purged of an evil identified as the cause of its plight. Our American nation, like any other nation in such circumstances, was irresistibly tempted to believe that its failures were not its own, that they were, rather, the product of alien forces in its midst. By dealing summarily with those forces it could feel that it was achieving its moral salvation, reestablishing its innate invincibility, restoring the complete security that it regarded as the normal condition of affairs. So the Nazis had brought moral relief and reassurance to the German society by putting the blame for its failures on the Jews, and by embarking on a course of extermination that would, accordingly, restore it to its former purity and invincibility. So the evils of other societies had, in ages past, been symbolically drained from their own bodies into the bodies of witches, who were then ritually destroyed by burning, by driving a stake through the heart, or by other conspicuous acts of obliteration.

The most exposed, the most defenseless post in our Government is that of the man who conducts its foreign relations. That this post should have been occupied, at the time, by Dean Acheson was a windfall for the witch-hunters. Here was another Coriolanus in his scorn for the gestures of demagogy that the people demand of their public servants. He would not put on cap-and-bells for the photographers, or even appear in public in his shirt-sleeves to show what a regular guy he was. Neither would he join the general hue and cry to "harry out . . . whatever rat, there, haps on his wrong hole." It was an act of quixotic heroism and defiance for the man who was being accused of having handed China over to Moscow to announce, now, that he would not turn his back on Hiss.

When one among a flock of ducks takes off, the others are swept by an impulse to take off too. The more that take off, the more irresistible the tug upon those that remain, until at last all together are carried away by it. The same psychology operates among men. Now, with half the country, led by McCarthy, demanding Acheson's blood, even his friends and associates began demanding it. Many of his colleagues in the State Department went about muttering that he was a Jonah to be jettisoned. Not since Washington issued his "Neutrality Proclamation" in 1793 had a commanding public figure on the American scene stood before such a storm. That he remained upright, continuing faithfully to conduct American foreign policy, however crippled he was by the attacks, is a testimony to his stamina and his prodigious strength of character. That President Truman stood by him throughout is a demonstration of how, in every crisis, and for as long as it lasted, the little man in the White House became big.

It is not, however, for these things that history should remember Acheson. It should remember him, rather, as the great constructive mind behind the implementation of the containment policy by the Marshall Plan and NATO in the days when, under Secretary Marshall, he was deputy chief of the State Department. Considering the role that he played then, as later, it is not strange that he has been under continual pressure ever since to write his memoirs of these years. His consistent refusal to do so is evidence of the fundamental integrity, the sense of personal honor, that has marked his whole career. He will not stoop to defend his record by writing his own brief. In the present memoirs he recalls "morning and noon," but stops there. After noon, "as involvement and responsibility grew, as the criticism for the outcome of events began to focus upon oneself, detachment and objectivity became suspect. The element of self-justification could not be excluded." Therefore he will not carry his public reminiscences beyond 1941. Rather than defend himself by maintaining that his record was faultless, he will prefer, as a matter of his personal honor, to remain silent. (If only President Eisenhower had had the same scruple!) Like the Duke of Albany in *King Lear*, he might say:

He rose from hoodlum, thief, dope peddler, pimp— to become the most dynamic leader of the Black Revolution

He said he would be murdered before this book appeared

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"Where I could not be honest I never yet was valiant."

This is not the only inhibition on Acheson as an autobiographer. Press and public in America have not always been willing to concede the right of public men to private lives. The patrician in Acheson, however, insists on it – to the point where *Morning and Noon* might have been subtitled, "The Reticences of Dean Acheson." The first half deals principally with his boyhood in Middletown. But where is his family? Of his father there is an anecdote or two. Of his mother practically nothing. "My sister" never acquires a name or even the suggestion of a personality. Certainly Acheson has been blessed in his wife, as I suspect he was also in his parentage, but one does not even know that he has married until, in an account of hijinks in The Hague, he makes a casual reference to something "my wife" did. (For some of what was missing I had to look up *Who's Who in America*, which revealed that he had married years before, while still a law student.)

I profoundly respect this kind of reticence, which is rare among us today, but it almost makes of the first part of these reminiscences a landscape without figures. Figures appear as the subjects of anecdotes, of which Acheson has a famous store, but not otherwise.

Then, however, comes Washington, and association with notable characters who, because they do not belong in the same way to the autobiographer's private life, are not subject to the same reticences. His account of Justice Brandeis, of Justice Holmes, and of the other members of the supreme bench seems unsurpassable until one comes to the chapter profiling his law partners, Covington, Burling, Rublee. This is the Acheson of the dinner-table, the best raconteur many of us have ever known, showing his zest for people, his insights, and his epigrammatic wit.

Acheson has always been, above all, a man of mind (although there is nothing wrong with his heart), and other men are to him, in the first instance, other minds. When he respects those minds, and the character they represent, then he writes about them, as he talks, with a sort of joyous affection that is utterly winning.

I have indicated that I honor him for

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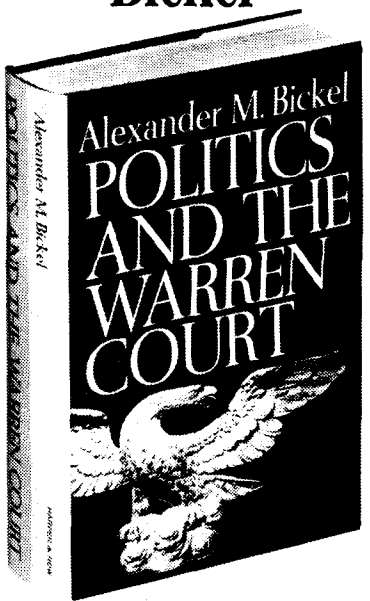

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his decision not to write his memoirs of the great and controversial years – a decision that he supports by the observation "that to act and to record [require] wholly different gifts, abilities, and disciplines." When I finished *Morning and Noon*, however, I found myself unreconciled to the decision. From a rather weightless if charming beginning, this account of a unique career becomes steadily more gripping until at last I could not put it down at all. To cut it off, then, just as the climax approaches, was an act of mental cruelty.

I suppose it would be impossible to get a court order requiring him to continue it, and in any case I would not want him to write one of those I-was-never-wrong accounts. Does he not have an obligation, however, to prepare the candid and self-critical memoirs of his later public life for publication, say, in 1985 (and for the private perusal of friends and responsible historians theretofore)? Or should he not, at least, be preparing notes to be ordered by another Robert Sherwood?

I leave the question there, concluding that in the present partial memoirs we have, at least, what so many of us have long wanted for the permanent record, something of the man himself, one of the most highly endowed and commanding personalities of the epoch in which we have lived.

FILMS

8½ – Ladies' Size

"Movies have now gone past the phase of prose narrative and are coming nearer and nearer to poetry. I am trying to free my work from certain constrictions – a story with a beginning, a development, an ending. It should be more like a poem, with metre and cadence."

Thus Federico Fellini, in a recent *New Yorker* article by Lillian Ross, speaking about his latest film, *Juliet of the Spirits*. What he describes is not a new impulse in film-making; it has been felt by (among others) such varied directors as Vigo, Ozu, and Godard. *8½*

Juliet of the Spirits (Rizzoli)

made clear that – however successfully – this theory was beginning to affect Fellini. Now, with *Juliet*, which is much less satisfying, the question arises as to whether the theory is plan or rationalization: whether Fellini is making films as he really chooses, out of a possibility of choices, or whether, like so many artists, like his own last previous hero, he is hard up for material but wants to keep working.

The story is, as he says, the least of it. The wife of a prosperous businessman, living in Fregene, a seaside town near Rome, suspects that her husband is having an affair. She employs a detective agency, and the suspicion is confirmed. She goes to the rival's house to confront her, but the dramatic moment is spoiled: the rival is not at home and speaks to her only on the telephone, nonchalantly. Her husband, unembarrassed by her discovery, tells her that she is exaggerating his friendship with the other woman, then leaves on what he says is a business trip and what she knows is something else. At the end she faces, not desolately but candidly, her life, her position, her enlarged yet more securely confined self.

Thus it is not by plot but by texture that this picture asks to succeed. Near the beginning, some friends bring a medium to Juliet's house, who summons a woman's spirit to speak to her. (It is a wedding-anniversary party.) This symbolizes the opening of Juliet's

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senses to a more complex world than the one of husband, children, and canalized friendships to which she had been limited. In the course of the film she becomes closer and more confidential with a friend (Valentina Cortese) who is a social and sexual floater; she consults another medium whose atmosphere and message are purely sexual; she allows herself to visit a beautiful and beautifully kept demimondaine (Sandra Milo) who lives on the estate next door. These experiences are meant to make her explore her past in analysis and fantasy, are meant to explain her present, her impotence and powers, the geography of her feminity.

The parallels with *8½* are obviously intended to be obvious. This film is its female counterpart – *Hers* to hang next to *His*. The age of the two protagonists is about the same – the moment of realization that all is not to be realized. There are mediums here as against the mind reader in *8½*, the female boudoir fantasy as against the male harem fantasy, the counterparts of childhood memory. (Here a school play and a libertine grandfather instead of a comforting mother and a fat whore.) But the effect of these elements is not nearly as striking as in *8½*, and because they develop small pathos or mystery, we become conscious of them as attempts at virtuosity.

8½ was, in my view, a work of little profundity, but it had vivid, interesting characters – particularly the three leading ones; it had a crux of considerable moment; and its cinematic effervescences bubbled, relevantly and amusingly irrelevantly, out of the protagonist's pertinent prepossessions and concerns. But Juliet is pallid as written and, to make it worse, the person of Giulietta Masina (who is Mrs. Fellini) contributes much less to this character and portrayal than Marcello Mastroianni supplied in the other film. Her fantasies and fantastic adventures seem unrelated to her – they seem neither to spring from her nor to affect her or us as they are meant to; she just plods modestly through. There is this rather dull, reticent, little woman, and then there are these varyingly interesting, unconventional cinematic shenanigans. The picture is schizoid, and because of its schism, even its ebulliences have less glitter than they might have had.

Let us not ask Fellini for the formal

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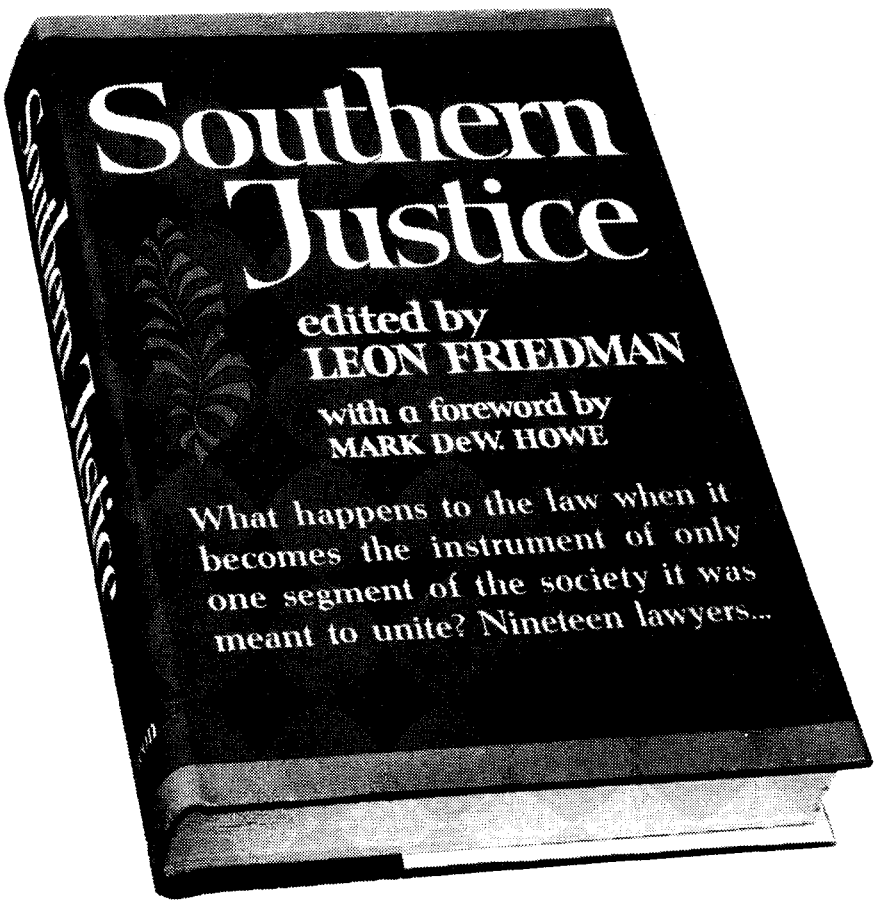
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drama he says he never intended. Still a poem of character should proceed from a character capable of poetry, in a situation likely to evoke it. Juliet is so near vapidity that her possibilities for anger, frustration, illumination are limited. A wife – particularly an Italian bourgeois wife – may not have problems as susceptible of graphic illustration as a film director's, but these are very small thorns indeed on which a very bony little bird is asked to impale its bosom. The resultant lyric is not greatly affecting. One feels that more could have been made of these same materials. She is the Plain One in a family of beauties, including her mother; thus is a kind of refugee in the citadel of wifedom. But we never feel any genuine anguish when the citadel is shaken (she knows it will not be destroyed); we do not move with her through any felt progress to a new view of marriage or herself or even of her very plainness as protection. There is only a quite discrete, extrinsic sense that, with a much slighter base, Fellini is trying to erect the same coruscating structure as before.

But no film made by Fellini can be visually commonplace, particularly when the hyperbolic clothes are by his long-time collaborator Piero Gherardi and when the cinematographer is Gianni di Venanzo, one of the best alive. The dream and recollection scenes are deftly composed and edited. The tiny obscenities (like the two small girls doing the twist) are slipped in as jokes that are jokes on themselves. The theatrical *bizarrerie*, the subliminal references, the volatile rhythms produce the unique, unmistakable Fellini style. There are the dependable Fellini hallmarks: a walk through the woods by a party of widely spaced persons (as in *Variety Lights* and *La Dolce Vita*) and fun with clerical costumes (the nuns in *The Temptation of Dr. Antonio*, the nuns here). Yet even visually this film disappoints. It is Fellini's first full-length color film, and the color, if we consider the director, is unremarkable. When I visited him on a *Juliet* location last year in Rome, he said he was "very uncomfortable" about the color. "In a black and white film, the audience collaborates. They see a tree, they *supply* the green, they see the sky, they *supply* the blue. In Technicolor, there *is* the

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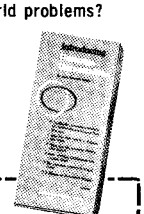

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green, blue, and so on. It destroys the collaboration between the audience and the film. How to replace it? How to provide another kind of mystery, of suggestiveness, to replace it?" His apprehensions seem to me well-founded, his solutions unsatisfactory. Indeed there seem to be no solutions; the use of color is, for the most part, self-conscious, nervous, *un*used. Generally, it seems added, not integral, and much of it is either blatant or old-fashioned. Blatancy: into the neutral tones of the opening scene, a bright red hat is splashed. Old fashion: the spangled drapes in the mistress' house are from a thirties musical. The obligation to have ideas about color seems to have forced Fellini even closer to the surface of his materials, visual and textural, than otherwise might have been the case. In black and white he might have been able to concentrate, to *play*, more effectively.

For that last element is his chief strength. As I have noted before, the years have decreased the depth of his work, have increased the exuberant dazzle of his cinematic style (except, so far, in use of color). Surely his best course is to make a virtue of this condition, really to exploit it. What distinguishes him from other directors of his eminence is humor. Bergman has proved his lack of it in his comedies. Antonioni rarely even attempts it. Kurosawa has humorous touches but they are almost always grim, not high-spirited. Fellini alone looks on the world's woes, human travail, with a mischievous eye. Comedy is by no means automatically synonymous with shallowness, but if all Fellini is now capable of is delightful frippery, then let him delight us. Perhaps, in discontent with the limitations and irrelevance of formal drama, it is this that he is moving towards, rather than what he calls poetry. $8^1/_2$ was a cascade of bitter, funny, scintillating if not deeply probing jokes on himself: for the silliness of his situation, of his century, of the plight of art, for the silliness of ever having been born. But *Juliet* is not nearly impudent, incisive, mischievous enough. It is almost as if he were inhibited, as if he did not feel the freedom to make the same cynical fun about a woman, about a wife, about a woman's life, as he did about himself.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

Vietnam Blitz

Sirs:

I have read Bernard Fall's article, "Vietnam Blitz – A Report on the Impersonal War" (October 9), in which he states that ". . . charges of unnecessary brutality have again come out of Vietnam." In support of this statement he describes a September 11 *Saigon Daily News* front-page photo of ". . . American servicemen standing with drawn weapons over a heap of what the caption describes as 'dead VC' – all lying face down on the ground, and with their hands tied behind their backs." Dr. Fall bases his charge on the cutlines under the picture: "Bodies of killed VC found after the battle."

In a front-page apology in the next issue the newspaper stated that the caption did not fit the picture. When distributed by United Press International the picture carried this caption, supplied by the photographer who took it: "US Marines check Viet Cong prisoners following a massive clearing operation near Chu Lai 9/8. 'Operation PIRANHA' netted at least 61 Communist prisoners."

The facts are that the prisoners shown in the photo had attempted to escape prior to being turned over to the Republic of Vietnam Army, so they were blindfolded and their hands tied behind their backs to prevent additional escape attempts until they could be turned over to the Government forces. The inference that American servicemen had killed or condoned the killing of bound prisoners was neither justified nor warranted. It is a distinct disservice to the United States command and the fighting men in Vietnam. It is indeed a pity that during one of his several visits in the US command's Information Office during his visit in Vietnam Dr. Fall didn't attempt to verify the accuracy of the caption or the

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facts surrounding an incident which he obviously considers important enough to serve by itself as the basis for a broad charge of "unnecessary brutality."

Arthur Sylvester
Assistant Secretary of Defense

In reply:

I am glad that Secretary Sylvester has provided *The New Republic's* readers with his interpretation of what that photo purports to show, as the "apology" printed in the Saigon newspaper said only that "due to technical reasons [the photo] was misprinted. It did not comply with the caption." No explanation as to what it *did* show was offered. Nor did the official reports of the period mention anything of VC escape attempts that warranted putting the prisoners face down in the mud.

Mr. Sylvester must have perused my article somewhat superficially if he feels that the photo served "by itself as the basis of a broad charge," for he missed my reference to the village of Camné put to the torch in front of TV cameras (and, hence, millions of viewers). But let me add a few more examples, from other sources.

The New York Herald Tribune of September 29 carried on its editorial page an article by Joseph Alsop in which he describes matter-of-factly an operation by the US 173d Airborne, in which "three VC hospitals had been found and razed, one with 200 beds and all with rich stores and supplies." That happens to be, if true, a clear-cut violation of Article 19 of the First 1949 Convention for the Protection of War Victims, signed and ratified by the US and both Vietnams. Yes, it does cover undeclared wars and guerrilla forces.

On page 31 of the same newspaper, Jimmy Breslin reports from Vietnam an American helicopter pilot's description of his transporting VC prisoners whose hands and cheeks had been pierced, and wire run *through* their hands, mouth, and cheeks; and then tied together. In the words of the American pilot, "you ought to see how quiet them gooks sit in a helicopter when *we* [my italics] got them wrapped up like that." That, if true, is a violation of Article 3 of the Third 1949 Convention.

I feel at least as strongly as the Assistant Secretary does, that it would be a disservice to mention such allegations

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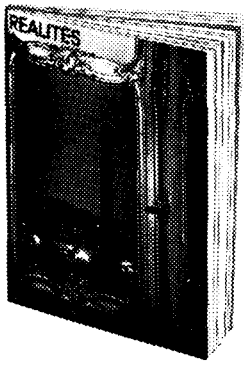

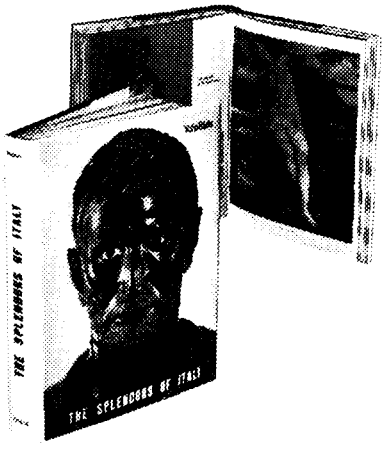

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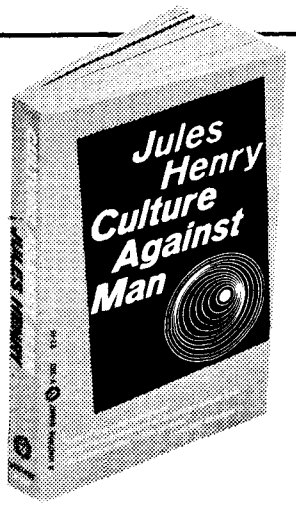

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if they were all proven to be untrue. Unfortunately, almost every responsible journalist (and many an American serviceman) in Vietnam has his own list of similar incidents, and recent rotation of pilots found to have been careless in selecting their targets adds further weight to the argument. I would have felt greatly relieved had Secretary Sylvester been able to inform me that copies of the Geneva Convention have now been distributed to all troops in Vietnam. Such a simple step, if followed by actual implementation, would render the war more humane without impending the war effort.

For what that sort of war finally does to the men who practice it, if no clear checkreins are placed upon them, becomes clearly evident from the letter addressed to the *NR* by a former French officer. [The letter follows – *The editors.*] It is to him and his kind that the Archbishop of Paris, Maurice Cardinal Feltin addressed himself when he sent in 1960 a pastoral letter to the French Army in Algeria, warning it that there could not be "a morality which justifies efficacy by all and every means, if those means are in formal contradiction with Natural Law and Divine Law. . . . There cannot exist an exceptional morality which somehow takes leave of Natural Law and Divine Law."

And, one may hope, the same rule applies to the war in Vietnam.

Bernard B. Fall

Dr. Fall states that the US will have to face the problem of torture, just as the problem had to be faced up to by the French in Algeria, including every citizen, educators, clergymen, "up to the Primate of Gaul," and split the French Army down the middle on the subject.

There never was any Torture Problem in Algeria, outside the scattered acts of a few sadists that exist in every army, of any nation. The Torture Problem was created, built up in France by the very same people that in the US are called Vietniks, Ban-the-Bomb marchers, Communists, Draft Card Burners, Liberals of the Better Red than Dead kind, to discredit the fighting "half" of the French Army, particularly the "Paras," Colonial Infantry, the Foreign Legion, etc., the best of the Army; and to provide themselves with an alibi to avoid combat-duty. To these persons, the safety of their newly acquired 4c.v Renault, their "Paid Vacation," etc., was more important than the fate of 1,500,000 Frenchmen, the loss of Algeria, and the tarnished image of their country.

Dr. Fall by referring to the Torture Problem "canard" has revealed his true identity. In Algeria, my fellow "Paras" would have dragged him by the collar and put his nose into the slit bellies of the hundreds of men, women, and children "liberated" by the FLN, and kicked him out of the country like a criminal. A man like him doesn't even deserve the briefest of the firing squad, as it is a military honor.

Hughes Viel, ex-Lt.
2nd Battlon, Parachutistes
3em Reg. Infanterie Coloniale
Aspen, Colorado

The Latin Alliance

Sirs:

No one with any concern for the problems of Latin America and the course of United States foreign policy in that area can take issue with Robert Goldmann's general analysis of the "spiritless alliance" (October 30).

Many thoughtful North and Latin Americans understand the social crisis in the southern republics and the need for a fundamental restructuring of societies which have experienced little change and even less responsible political leadership in their hundred years of existence. At the same time they appreciate the dilemma facing the new leaders (such as Frei, Betancourt, Figueres) who must carry out democratic revolutions at the risk of displeasing the "big Uncle."

Without challenging Mr. Goldmann's conclusions, however, I would like to note one positive factor which he seems to have treated rather lightly: namely, the role of international agencies in the effort to continue in the spirit which John F. Kennedy did breathe into the body of inter-American relations. I refer specifically to the Inter-American Development Bank, which after only five years has become an important and respected institution in the role of Latin American development.

The Bank's success is testimony to the validity of Senator Fulbright's appeal that the United States channel more of

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its assistance through international organizations. Although the United States plays a large role in the Bank's operations (supplying about 25 percent of the personnel and 48 percent of the funds), the decision-making process is shared with Latin Americans, who in acting together can exercise a controlling vote. Under the leadership of economist Felipe Herrera the Bank has approved (as of the end of June, 1965) 284 loans for a total of $1,261,425,000 to projects ranging from oil refining in Chile to the development of cooperatives in Costa Rica. To this extent the United States has in part handed over one tool of its foreign policy – that is, development assistance – to Latin Americans who have a greater understanding of the countries being aided and are accepted with far less reluctance than North Americans in the administration and control of lending operations and technical assistance. And yet, it is important to note that our interests are definitely served by such a relinquishment of control, for the Bank's loans are intended to bring about socio-economic and political change that is consistent both with the aspirations of the people of those underdeveloped countries and the long-range national objectives of this great power.

The United States has put a great deal of faith in the Bank. It has gone beyond its quota by empowering the Bank $525 million to administer a Social Progress Trust Fund (SPTF), which is to be disbursed as very "soft" loans (1.25 percent to 2.75 percent interest, with thirty years to repay) for social projects. Admittedly the loans are tied to US purchases (except under special conditions) but the Trust Fund is nonetheless having a revolutionary effect on the sectors of education, land reform, housing and sanitation which are the foci of its operations. As of the end of this year all of the $525 million has been committed; in its place the Bank has expanded its own Fund for Special Operations, which emphasizes the same social fields.

Thus, to the extent that the United States supports and encourages the Inter-American Development Bank it is supporting and encouraging, perhaps for the first time, inter-American cooperation in the field of social revolution and economic development. In these days of generally confused and self-defeating US foreign policy toward Latin America it is important to highlight what is left of the spirit of the Alliance.

David B. Atkinson
Washington, D. C.

Who's Killing the Novel?

Sirs:

Robert Brustein's article, "Who's Killing the Novel?" (October 23), was prompted by *Book Week's* special September 26th issue on American fiction in the postwar years. It is always instructive to read Mr. Brustein as he exercises his franchise as custodian of the arts in America – *all* the arts – but it seems to me in this instance that he has not let the material he is commenting on get in the way of his preconceptions.

"A recent special issue of *Book Week*," he begins, "suggests that the novel is dying and inadvertently plunges the knife in further." The issue makes no such suggestion anywhere that I can find. Nor was its purpose to assess the current or recent health of American fiction. Its purpose was to report which authors, in the critical opinion of their contemporaries, have produced the most distinguished fiction since the end of World War II, and toward that end we polled two hundred writers, critics and editors. Some of the respondents were good enough to add comments on the comparative quality of postwar fiction, but *Book Week* did not attempt to tabulate these comments. And as I reread the sampling of these comments that appeared in the issue, I find that at least as many commentators said the postwar period was a fruitful one for fiction as said it was a barren period. I found no one who said the novel is dying.

A bit further on, Mr. Brustein writes of the issue: "The whole enterprise promises some glowing testimony to the robust condition of fiction; yet, most of the critics discussing their choices are upset by the declining state of the novel and the absence of many novelists of great stature." But the short text on the cover gives no promise of any "glowing testimony" to anything; it simply states the modest enough purpose of the issue. Nor, as I say, do "most of the critics discussing their choices" indicate, by any calcula-

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tion I can make, that they are upset about the "declining" state of the novel.

Mr. Brustein adds that "the result of these apparently earnest inquiries is another version of that parlor game invented some years back by *Esquire* . . . and reintroduced each time some editor needs new copy . . . *Book Week's* version of the culture charade is more restrained and dignified than most, but it demonstrates just as dramatically how much time and talent can be wasted in meaningless pursuits."

While I am as grateful as the next man for backhanded compliments, I was saddened to learn from Mr. Brustein that there is little or no value in reporting to the literate community which works of fiction of the past two decades, in the opinion of a distinguished cross-section of writers and critics, were most admirable and worthy of survival. If Mr. Brustein thinks such an exercise is without value, I wish he had said why. . . . If *Book Week* had been looking for space-fillers, we would not have chosen to run this special issue at the height of the fall publishing season. As it is, the issue has been favorably received at schools, colleges and libraries. . . .

Finally, it seems to me that Mr. Brustein's principal purpose was to use the occasion of this special issue to flay Norman Podhoretz, whose article, "Bringing the News," he finds so objectionable. There is no room here to consider Mr. Brustein's remarks on this score in detail, but I would suggest he is as guilty of misreading Mr. Podhoretz's article as he is of misreading the rest of the issue. Mr. Podhoretz was not prescribing a journalistic mode as superior to a "creative" one; he was arguing, rather, that mass media and the social sciences have "reduced the hidden territory that it was once the novelist's aspiration to explore" and have thus undercut the novel's "primary role [of] bringing the news . . . of the forbidden, speaking things which were supposed to remain unspoken, looking at things which were supposed to remain veiled, making things conscious which were supposed to be buried." Mr. Brustein refers to a "fallacious assumption that the chief value of literature is to be found in its discursive ideas." I find no such assumption in the Podhoretz essay in *Book Week*. I find instead an argument that literature today encompasses more than novels and poetry and that history, Mr. Brustein notwithstanding, is affecting the priorities among the values we cherish in literature as that term is traditionally understood.

Richard Kluger
Editor, Book Week

In reply:

I fear Richard Kluger is being a little disingenuous in defending his unfortunate special issue, but if statistics are what he wants, I am glad to comply. Two hundred writers, critics, and editors, he tells us, were polled about their opinions of contemporary fiction; selections from 45 comments were published. Of the 45, about 26 – in addition to naming their favorite books and authors – volunteered a generalization about the current health of fiction; and of the 26, 15, by my calculation, thought the postwar period a bad time for the novel. I think this proportion is large enough to warrant my use of the word "most."

Furthermore, and more important, Mr. Podhoretz's lead article – which generalized about these comments and which set the tone of the issue – was unequivocal in its stand not only that the novel was doing badly but that it was no longer a viable contemporary form. I cite as evidence a line from the essay which I originally quoted in my article: "Is it possible that some other literary form is taking over the job that the novel used to do? I myself have for some time believed this to be the case. . . ." Seymour Krim, in his own comment, calls the novel "functionally obsolescent compared to words that can hurt, affect, and re-direct the sources of human power." I'll eat my hat if this does not suggest that the novel is dying (though if Mr. Krim thinks the novel has something to do with affecting human power, then for him it was probably never born).

Mr. Kluger further states that Podhoretz, in his *Book Week* essay, does not assume the chief value of literature to lie in its ideas. Well, I must insist that he does. He castigates the fiction of

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most contemporary writers because "the prose never flows, the ideas become banal, the perceptions are blunted, the mind is locked" (not a word here about imagination or emotional power); he excepts Mailer and Bellow from the general condemnation because of their "superior intelligence" (not their superior talent); and he complains that "the mass media and the social sciences are there to supply the *sheer information* that it was once the novelist's occupation to supply" (though sheer information has always been best supplied by discursive prose). The assumption behind these statements is clear: Mr. Podhoretz considers ideational content to be of paramount importance in *all* forms of writing – and he admits this freely in other essays to which I have referred.

Finally, Mr. Kluger wants me to spell out why I find the purpose of this issue meaningless. I can offer three reasons. First, it has about as much real intrinsic value as the best-seller list Mr. Kluger prints weekly in *Book Week*, and is merely an upper middle-brow version of the same thing (with reputations replacing sales as a guide to literary conversation). It turns serious literature into a cultural track meet where books are made to compete for first to twentieth place, and writers are so many sprinters huffing towards an imaginary finishing line. Second, it is presumptuous for *Book Week* to try to assume the function of posterity – as one of Mr. Kluger's contributors justly remarked, "This business of picking out great or potentially great men and tomorrow's Great Books is one I don't enjoy.... [It] is just a way of trying to feel tomorrow's pulse." And pulse-feeling, I would suggest, is an activity that belongs more to the history of fashion than to the history of literature. Finally, even if we assume such an enterprise to have some value, how can meaningful conclusions be reached by polling 200 "authorities," some of whom are bound to have vested interests in this or that book, and most of whom are bound to disagree? This kind of consensus culture is ultimately as valueless as Mr. Johnson's consensus politics, and seems to have rather the same purpose – the imposition of a set of predigested views on those who should be encouraged to think for themselves.

Robert Brustein

Under Arrest

Sirs:

Let me say as briefly as I can why I felt dismayed by Louis L. Jaffe's letter (October 30) criticizing Judge Skelly Wright's illuminating article ("Crime in the Streets and the New McCarthyism," October 9).

Professor Jaffe says that "until recently the law has allowed the police to question an accused for a reasonable time, by reasonable methods, without the presence of a lawyer to warn the accused that he need not answer." Undoubtedly this has been the practice; but it has not necessarily been consonant with the law. The police have often made arrests on suspicion – without lodging a specific accusation – and have sought evidence to support such an accusation by questioning the suspects for periods and by methods which seemed "reasonable" to them. Mr. Justice Frankfurter said for a unanimous Supreme Court, however, that "the police may not arrest upon mere suspicion but only on 'probable cause'," and that the arrested person must be taken before a judicial officer "as quickly as possible so that the issue of probable cause may be promptly determined." Then he added what the po-

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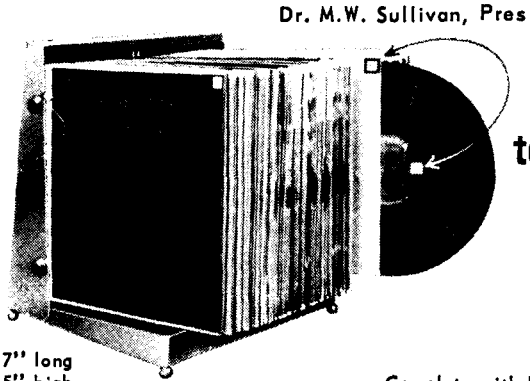

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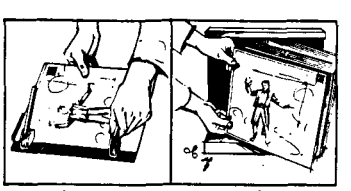

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lice have so stubbornly resisted – that the arrested person "is not to be taken to police headquarters in order to carry out a process of inquiry that lends itself, even if not so designed, to eliciting damaging statements to support the arrest and ultimately his guilt." This was hardly novel doctrine when it was expressed in 1957, and it was rooted in regard for provisions of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Amendments as well as in regard for a prompt arraignment statute.

Acknowledging that "the current practice often permits brutal methods of interrogation," Professor Jaffe says: "But completely to forbid interrogation of the accused following arrest may so drastically curb law enforcement as to lead to a loss of public confidence and security." Judge Wright did not suggest a complete ban on interrogation; he suggested, as did the Supreme Court, that "the Sixth Amendment right to counsel means the right to counsel at all critical stages of the prosecution, including the stage during which an effort is being made by the police to extract a confession." If it does not mean this, then it really does not mean very much. . . .

I must now say something about a statement in Professor Jaffe's letter which seems to me even more shocking from a teacher of law than from an Attorney General. It is very like a statement in Attorney General Katzenbach's recently publicized letter to Chief Judge David L. Bazelon. Professor Jaffe writes: "Nor is it a conclusive argument, even though relevant, against an existing rule that it bears more hardly on the poor than on the rich." It is true, of course, as Anatole France intimated, that a law forbidding people to sleep under bridges bears more hardly on the poor than on the rich. But this is not to say that a rule of procedure controlling the treatment of an accused person may justly favor the rich over the poor. What meaning does Professor Jaffe read into the slogan on the portico of the Supreme Court: "Equal Justice Under Law"?

Finally, Professor Jaffe says that the function of the criminal law "is to maintain the citizen's sense of security, to assure him that he is protected by an effective system of law." But in a free society, the function of law – especially of fundamental law – is something more than this. It is to maintain the citizen's sense of security against arbitrary or capricious governmental action. Real security is not to be found in a police state.

Judge Wright has nobly reminded us that real security must be sought by eradicating the causes of crime. Cheap and easy shortcuts can be of no avail – and least of all shortcuts which allow trespasses on cherished individual liberties. Professor Jaffe may dismiss it as an appeal "to the catchwords and slogans of the so-called 'liberal' persuasion," but Benjamin Franklin's observation is worth remembering: "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

Alan Barth
Washington, D. C.

Student Protests

Sirs:

"Why the Protests?" of October 30 questions the wisdom of Students for a Democratic Society in "welcoming Communists in their ranks, and . . . making a virtue out of indifference to the possibility of Communists becoming the dominant voice in their organization." This is all so familiar. How well I remember the internal struggle within the American Veterans Committee to oust the "Communists," or, more accurately, those that were regarded as such by common consensus. Whatever became of the unhappy AVC I no longer know nor care. I happen to know, however, what became of some of its "Communists" who were purge victims in our own little branch: one an insurance salesman of hopelessly bourgeois mores; one a teacher (very esoteric); one an editor (on a conservative journal). The disgraceful and pointless illiberality of that organization caused it to pass on unlamented.

By contrast, the tolerance within the younger generation of the reasonable for the rabid and vice versa should warm our hearts. It is as if they had learned something by the careful study of the foolishness of their forebears. We must be careful not to give them bad advice when they violate our own dubious principles.

James F. Becker
New York University

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